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Events of the Week.

THE King's visit to Paris next week has led already to some political speculation. It will be a conventional ceremony of the familiar type, but rumor is busy, as it always is on such occasions, with guesses about some diplomatic movement behind it. The Russian comments are the most definite. The official French Havas Agency has even announced from St. Petersburg that Russia has proposed the conversion of the Anglo-Russian understanding into an alliance. That some suggestion is under discussion for tightening up the military arrangements of the Triple Entente seems obvious, but it is not clear whether it comes from France or from Russia, and Sir Edward Grey's recent statement in Parliament ought to have made it clear that no firmer degree of solidarity is desired on this side. As a symptom of the working of French opinion in circles which look to M. Poincaré for leadership, the long article by M. Ernest Lavisse in Thursday's "Times" has its importance. M. Lavisse is not a politician, but as a considerable historian, and as the head of the Ecole Normale, he may be regarded as an influential and representative "intellectual."

THE main object of the article is to draw attention to some German peril which haunts the imagination of M. Lavisse. France, he admits, is in the more exposed

position, and may therefore draw the greater advantage from the Entente, which he regards throughout as a military alliance. But, how, he asks, should we feel, if Germany were to lay her rough hand on Amsterdam, Antwerp, Dunkirk, Havre, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Oran, Algiers, and Tunis? On what sort of evidence this eminent historian ascribes such an ambition to Germany is not stated. One seems to remember that it was France which lately laid her hand on Morocco, and that it is not Germany which has contrived to expand. After this alarming suggestion, the concrete proposal is comparatively modest. We are coolly rebuked for the indecision of our public opinion, and are invited to do with Russia what M. Lavisse assumes we have already done with France—concert military measures against the Triple Alliance. The article is one proof the more that a large military scheme is being arranged between Paris and St. Petersburg, in which our co-operation is sought. The answer that all Liberal Britain expects will be an unflinching negative, and the Government should be asked at an early hour to give it.

IN some respects the most important event of the week is the action taken by Lord Lilford and his tenants in proscribing the Agricultural Laborers' Union. These Northamptonshire employers have informed their laborers that if they enter the Union they will lose their employment. The number of men affected is about fifty. Lord Lilford's agent is reported to have said that they are very comfortable and receiving wages of fifteen shillings a week. We are thus brought back to the old battles of the 'seventies when landlords, farmers, and parsons (of course, with some noble exceptions like Fraser and Girdlestone) joined to crush the men's efforts to escape from their tyranny. The year is 1914; our Government is in form democratic, and yet Englishmen are living in this state of servitude. Lord Lilford's action is a challenge to all self-respecting Englishmen, and in particular to the Liberal Party, which has to remember that every time it takes up the laborers' cause it exposes them to these retaliations, and that if it does not succeed in its programme it had better have left it unattempted.

THE Independent Labor Party held a rather melancholy conference during the week to celebrate their coming of age. The treasurer announced that there was not a penny in hand for a General Election, and that £30,000 or £40,000 was wanted to keep the "Daily Citizen" alive. It was decided to ask for a voluntary levy of a shilling per member, so as to raise a sum of £1,500. Other signs, we fear, are not wanting that, though the Syndicalist tide is abating, the workmen have not recovered their old interest in political work. The powerful Amalgamated Society of Engineers—once in the forefront of Parliamentary propaganda—has decided against a political fund by 17,268 votes to 15,277, and its action is said to be typical of a large majority of trade unions. If this is the case, a great constructive and educational effort is called for.

OTHERWISE the chief result of the conference was a decided victory of the advanced section, led by the

Bradford branch. The Bradford resolution declared against "Cabinet rule" as "inimical" to good government on the ground that it suppressed the rights of private members and made free Parliamentary discussion impossible, and that with a view to breaking up the system the Parliamentary Labor Party be asked to "vote only in accordance with the principles for which the party stands." The victory of this motion was secured by a passionate speech by Mr. Jowett, and it was carried by 233 votes to 78. The Conference passed a general resolution in favor of unity amongst the three Socialist bodies, the I.L.P., the Fabian Society, and the British Socialist Party (the old S.D.F.). But it declined for the present to empower its candidates to label themselves "Labor and Socialist."

It seems as though President Wilson were reaching the limits of his patience towards Mexico, and that the policy of "watchful waiting" will give way to more active intervention. The real reason for the change is, we imagine, that the fighting between Federals and Constitutionalists has at length begun to disturb the oil region. The rebels have for some time been threatening Tuxpan and Tampico, the centres of the northern oil-fields, and there is at length a real risk of grave injury to considerable interests. The murder of American subjects might be tolerated, but the firing of oil-wells is quite another matter. An act of provocation gave the necessary pretext for the use of pressure. Some American blue-jackets who were sent ashore unarmed at Tampico were arrested by the Federal commander and imprisoned for an hour or two. A verbal apology was given on their release, but Washington summoned General Huerta to give orders for a formal salute to the American flag.

THIS public and ceremonial apology was not a large demand to make for a foolish piece of violence, but General Huerta at first refused it. Washington considered that its prestige was involved, and the whole fleet was ordered to prepare to sail for Tampico. After some hesitation Huerta, who has shown some tact in dealing with the States, went half way to meet Mr. Wilson. He promised to grant the salute, provided that the American fleet would respond to it. This seemed only courteous, and Mr. Bryan at once found precedents for such action. The quarrel therefore ends, to the advantage of both parties. A blockade of all the Mexican ports would presumably aggravate the financial difficulties of the Huerta Government, which subsists chiefly on the customs receipts, and might also check its military action, if it is relying on the supply of arms and ammunition from abroad. The situation is not a little paradoxical. General Villa commits all the graver outrages. But it was against General Huerta that coercion was prepared.

THE Commission on the Civil Service, which has been sitting for over two years, has issued its Report on the main body of the Service. It has still to examine two important branches, the Foreign Office (including the diplomatic service) and the legal departments. The Report now published consisted of a majority report, signed by Lord MacDonnell and fifteen of his colleagues, and the minority report with three signatures. The Commission included, besides Lord MacDonnell and the Duke of Devonshire, four M.P.'s, two Liberal (Mr. Beck and Mr. Holt), two Labor (Mr. Clynes and Mr. Snowden), one Conservative (Mr. Hoare), two women (Mrs. Deane Streetfield, an experienced administrator, and Miss Haldane), three dons (Professor Macalister, Mr. Shipley,

and Mr. Matheson), two business men (Sir Guy Granet and Mr. Booth), and four members with special knowledge and relevant experience (the Bishop of Southwark, Sir Henry Primrose, Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, Mr. Graham Wallas, and Mr. Boutwood). The minority report is signed by Sir Henry Primrose, Sir Guy Granet, and Mr. Booth. Some of the most important recommendations take the form of reservations signed by members who accept, with these qualifications, the general body of proposals.

THE questions which the Commission has mainly considered are roughly those of patronage, of the general control of the Civil Service, of the classification of grades, of promotion, and of the employment of women. As to patronage there is a general finding against the charges that have been flung about rather recklessly, but the Commission propose that when any important appointment is made from outside the Civil Service, the Minister who makes it should lay a paper giving the reasons and the candidate's history. With regard to the general control they recommend the creation of a special department within the Treasury. (This is one point on which the minority differ: they propose a Consultative Committee.) For the five classes now known as Class I., Intermediate, the Second Division, Assistant Clerks, and Boy Clerks, they would substitute three: Administration Class, corresponding to Class I., and Senior and Junior Clerical Classes (salaries £50-£200 and £85-£350), recruited at eighteen and sixteen. The minority want to keep the small Intermediate Class (recruited at nineteen), and to recruit clerks below at sixteen and a-half, filling from this class, by promotion, the appointments now covered by the Second Division.

THE proposals respecting promotion do not go very far. Certain technical obstacles are condemned, and departments are urged to pay special attention to the claims of their junior clerks. The Commission press for more flexibility all round, and in particular for greater freedom of transfer between departments. With regard to the employment of women, the Commission has preferred to put questions rather than to answer them. In so far as the character and conditions of the work performed by women approximate to those of work performed by men, the pay of women should approximate to that of men; but it is to be left to the Treasury to ascertain the clerical, inspectorial, and administrative positions which should be filled by women, and the salaries they should receive. (On this subject the reservations are much more valuable than the agreed proposals, and we refer to them elsewhere.) The Commission are in favor of maintaining the existing political disabilities of Civil Servants, but they recommend a special inquiry into the case of the relations of Civil Service Associations to politics and outside trade unions, and not the general question of the principle of the recognition of Associations.

EUROPE has many pre-occupations; but its attention and that of our own Foreign Office ought to be drawn to what is happening in the Bulgarian territory—an Alsace-Lorraine of the Near East—which has been annexed by Roumania. The population is divided between Bulgarians and Turks, with a very small Roumanian element (about 8,000). The Bulgarians have been excluded from the franchise, but that is a small matter compared with what has followed. Though there has been no warlike action between Bulgaria and Roumania, these lands are being treated not only as if nationality and culture counted for nothing, but as if the rights of property were non-existent. The Bulgarian schools

have nominally been maintained, but their property has largely been sequestered and their schoolmasters dismissed. That is not the worst. In face of the pledges of Roumanian statesmen, a Government Bill has been introduced into the Senate ordering an examination of the titles by which the present occupier-owners hold their lands. This, of course, is merely a preliminary to their sequestration and the expropriation of their holders in favor of Roumanian colonists. The measure has proved too much even for the Opposition in the Senate, and some strong protests have been made. If Roumania desires to hold up her head among civilized peoples, an end will be put to this design. Modern Europe knows nothing like it within the period when civilization based itself on settled rights of individual property, not to be disturbed even by war.

The great calamity of a Yorkshire coal strike has been averted. The Conciliation Board made certain rather complicated proposals for settling the points at issue, the effect of which it is at first sight not easy to determine. The proposals represent a compromise, the masters apparently agreeing that the resolutions of the Conciliation Board should apply to any minimum that is fixed, and the men agreeing to a discrimination between classes of mines. The Yorkshire miners balloted on these proposals, and they have voted by 27,000 to 11,000 for returning to work.

THE Government has at last found it necessary to redeem its repeated pledges for the reform of "blocking motions." Just before the Easter recess the House of Commons brought its unofficial work to a standstill by a shower of such motions, in the course of a party game of tit-for-tat. The final touch of absurdity was contributed by the Conservative benches. Mr. Rowland Hunt put on the paper a resolution in favor of the taxation of "all" foreign products competing with our own industries. This a moderate Tory of the Edinburgh school proposed to amend by cutting out food taxes and limiting protection to imported manufactured goods. Here, then, were the competing Tory policies openly at war with one another on the floor of the House. To avoid this scandal Sir John Rees extemporised an imaginary measure, which he called the "Agriculture and Industries (Foreign Competing) Relief Bill," whose mere appearance smothers the whole controversy. There is reason to hope that this will be the last of merely blocking Bills and resolutions. The Government have adopted an old motion of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's which gives the Speaker the power of determining whether action of this kind is *bonâ fide* or not. If the notice professing to raise debate is merely intended to avert it, it will be ruled out, and the road to fair discussion laid open.

LONDON will soon be faced with a municipal problem of the utmost importance. The London County Council have now been presented with a report by Mr. Merz, stating an unanswerable case for the centralization of London's supply of electricity. Such a concentration is vital, and Mr. Merz estimates that the saving will approach £5 per head of London's population in each year. But the absorbing question is—Who shall undertake the supply? Again, we think that the report to the County Council, though it betrays an obvious bias in favor of mixed private and public control, is conclusive for municipalization. Municipal electricity is one of the conspicuous triumphs of public enterprise, and one of the richest sources of public income. And it would be the meanest treachery to London to throw such a boon away.

But municipalization has powerful enemies both in Parliament and at Spring Gardens, and if the ratepayers do not speak, and speak strongly, it will be defeated.

WE welcome the new Criminal Administration Bill, whose main object, as Mr. McKenna explained it, is to keep young people out of prison and to reduce the devastating practice of imprisonment for non-payment of fines. In future, no person need go to gaol for a fine of less than forty shillings if he makes an honest attempt to pay it. Regular machinery will also be set up to prevent young persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one seeing the inside of a prison at all. Mere detention at a police-court is as far as possible to be substituted, and society will be asked to co-operate with justice in watching over the careers of young persons who have contracted bad habits and kept bad company. The term of detention in Borstal is to be extended from one to two years, and the place itself is to be made less of a prison and more of a kind of training home. We regard this latter point as essential, and we hope also that the new facility for paying fines will be applied to the conventional forty shillings as well as to smaller sums. Otherwise we have nothing but praise for Mr. McKenna's measure.

MR. CHURCHILL's speech on the Naval Estimates has evidently given grave dissatisfaction in Australia. In an official statement, Senator Millen, the Minister of Defence, has met it with a lengthy and highly polemical reply. He accuses the Admiralty of a definite failure to fulfil the agreement of 1909, complains that it has destroyed the basis on which the Australian Navy was organized, and describes its scheme for the defence of the Pacific as "unco-ordinated and ephemeral." The main complaint appears to be that no Dreadnought battle-cruisers are to be assigned for service in Australian waters. The smaller ships which the Admiralty considers sufficient do not satisfy Australian ambitions, and, whether from sentiment or for more solid reasons, Australia dislikes the Admiralty's tendency to rely on the Japanese Alliance. The publication of this statement makes the breach open and avowed, and the consequence will be to encourage local independence. As in Canada, so now in Australia, the Admiralty's Colonial policy has broken down.

ALBANIA is doubtless the subject which has this week engaged the Foreign Ministries of Italy and Austria in close and prolonged conference at Abbazia. The Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente are still exchanging notes. But there is no sign that any action is proposed, and the Greek army remains in occupation of the greater part of the Epirote territory assigned to Albania, though the date fixed for its evacuation is long past. The further news available this week suggests that the Epirote rebellion is a less spontaneous movement than we had supposed. Some members of the "sacred band" which tried to take Coritsa were captured, and were all found to be either Cretans or Greeks. The local Orthodox Albanian population appears to be passive. The Greek bands are said to be burning villages, and engaging in all the usual excesses of Balkan guerilla warfare. The Albanian Government is meanwhile attempting to organize some regular army and to procure artillery, but Prince William is clearly finding great difficulty in dealing with the jealousies of his feudal nobles, and by conciliating Essad Pasha has alienated the powerful Catholic chief, Bib Prink Doda, the head of the Mirdite clan.

Politics and Affairs.

WHAT THE ENTENTE MIGHT BE.

THE correct thing to say about the Royal visit to Paris is that we hope it will make for peace and tend to draw the two peoples together. We say it with entire sincerity, for we believe that France and Britain have a common duty towards European peace, and further, that untold benefits to both may result from the marriage of two national temperaments, which Nature has made very diverse, mutually complementary, and fortunately sympathetic to each other. We cannot refrain, however, from adding that we notice nothing in the programme of the visit which is calculated to achieve these ends. There will be phrases about peace, while the hospitable hours are spent in reviews of the Republic's armies. There will be perorations about the reciprocal influence of the two peoples in literature, science, and art, which the newspapers already illustrate for us by tedious details about ceremonies, balls, and gastronomic triumphs. We could imagine a national festival grouped around a Royal visit which would really achieve the two ends which both Governments profess. It would require a little organization, but it would be as interesting as the conventional ceremony is dull. We would send over with our King a collection representative of our contemporary art; our musicians and our actors should have a chance of displaying such talent as they possess, while the newspapers might be invited to print articles from the leaders of British thought which would focus attention on the movement of ideas among us. If the compliment were returned on our side, the occasion would become a real "rapprochement" of minds instead of a compliment. For the military reviews we would substitute a demonstration in favor of peace, dramatic, educative, and picturesque. But we apologize for even hinting at a civilized form of international courtesy. Such a programme is beyond the scope of the official imagination in either country. The visit will be severely conventional; it will consecrate the understanding which has lasted now some ten years, and it will consecrate it in the familiar way which Monarchies have established and Republics accepted.

We regard, for our part, the record and accomplishment of the *Entente cordiale* with mingled feelings. Outside the sphere of politics, it has done good. There has been in these ten years a noticeable growth in the intimacy of the two peoples. There is more social intercourse; a great increase in the number of French visitors to England, a greater receptivity on our side to French ideas, a growth, evidenced by several new series of French books published in England, in the number of Englishmen who read French; a new curiosity in each country about the other.

All this is outside politics, but it has come about the faster because our political relations are good. Political enmity or rivalry invades the whole field of national intercourse, and brings with it an atmosphere of aversion and even of contempt, which makes an impassable mental frontier. That barrier which existed about the time of the Fashoda crisis and the Dreyfus affair was long since

broken down. Amid the insanities of the armed peace and the struggle for a balance of power in Europe, there is one aspect of a dismal landscape worthy of civilized men. While half the world affects to believe that force is the ultimate basis of the relations of States, and governments refuse to pledge themselves unreservedly to pacific methods of settling disputes, the fact which stares us in the face is that, three by three, the European Powers have reached among themselves what seems to be a permanent peace. Britain, France, and Russia no longer arm against each other. Germany, Austria, and Italy are in the same case. The moral is clear. Force is an anachronism, and war, with the preparation for war, unnecessary. The rule of peace which can unite three Powers might equally include six.

Unfortunately, we can find no cause for congratulation in the use which diplomacy has made of the Anglo-French *Entente*. The ground of common action was ill-chosen at the start, and it has been so managed as to accumulate burdens upon both partners, and to frustrate the hope of European concord. Its real basis was never co-operation for any Liberal end; it was laid down in the secret clause which pledged us to give France diplomatic aid in the acquisition of Morocco. There was here a double dishonesty. A secret clause is an offence against all the world, and in particular against the democracies behind both Governments; "diplomatic support" was, moreover, an evasive phrase, which meant in action naval and military support. The French seizure of Morocco has somewhat injured our own material interests, it has benefited no one in France but the financiers and the contractors who urged it on; it has been the occasion of the long and risky feud with Germany. The grievance of Germany was real. She disputed the right of two Powers to exclude her from a sphere of profitable enterprise which belonged to neither. To maintain that exclusion the diplomacy of M. Delcassé, with our own behind it, had presently to construct a "pen," or hedge, of alliances and understandings that hemmed Germany in. She, on her side, set herself, with the compact force of her central military position, to break down the "pen" which seemed to shut her out from all the coveted places in the sun. It was, in its origin, a sordid and limited struggle for economic opportunities. It became as it progressed a gigantic trial of strength, in which all Europe was mobilized, armed, and regimented. The ideas of international relations to which it gave rise became stereotyped, and infected each subsequent crisis as it arose. We found ourselves involved and enmeshed in the old conceptions of a Balance of Power which had governed Europe in the days of Louis XIV. and Napoleon. We need not enlarge on the familiar mischiefs of this rivalry. We began by dreaming of a League of Peace. We have ended in a general folly which has left us with naval estimates that overtop fifty millions, France with a return to three years' service, Russia with an increase of her peace effectives by one-half, and Germany with new burdens divided between her navy and her army. Alliances have brought no security, and the fears of Europe are measured year by year in mounting Budgets. The moral damage of the process includes such

items as the failure of the Concert in the Near East, and the support given to the reaction in Russia, which had at all costs to be restored to its rank as a Great Power in the interests of a fallacious and elusive Balance.

That there is a way of escape we are firmly convinced. It has been indicated with real eloquence and insight by M. Jaurès, and forms an item in the electoral programme of his party. It is not the dissolution of the Anglo-French understanding, nor the conclusion of any one-sided bargain with Germany. It is that an effort should be made to unite these three Powers in an understanding comparable with that which binds us to France. That Alsace is any longer an insuperable obstacle to Franco-German friendship, we do not believe. Alsace is now bound, as a consequence of the exclusive trading encouraged by a protective tariff, by ties of commerce and credit to the rest of the German Empire, which she would not break if she could. Her real aspiration is now only for a franker measure of autonomy than German statesmanship has yet ventured to allow her. The declaration to this effect, and in favor of a *rapprochement* with Germany, signed by over seventy French professors, journalists, and men of letters, is a proof that a new generation has grown up which has forgotten the extreme bitterness of an historic grievance. If this difficulty is really eliminated, we can see no obstacles to an arrangement between the three Western Powers greater than those which stood in the way of Anglo-French friendship. We could wish that the King's visit had a definite meaning, and preferably this meaning. Our own feud with Germany is no longer acute. We are in a position which invites constructive effort and calls for the work of mediation.

A HALT IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

It is surprising that in the existing conditions of our State life the Independent Labor Party is not a more powerful body than it is. It has come of age, it has ideas and a vocation, and leaders full of zeal and experience. Yet in its twenty-first year it faces a coming General Election with an empty war-chest and a reluctant or a divided constituency among the workers. Why? Is it that the Parliamentary idea is receding, and that "Guild Socialism" holds the field in the younger Socialist groups and among the more aggressive trade unionists? Is it that the intellectual attraction of Socialism weakens, and young men with a conscience and brains, wishing to see something done in their time, prefer to call themselves Radicals? Some answer to these questions must be sought in the weakness of the electoral basis on which the "I.L.P." rests. The main force of labor politics still resides with the trade unions, and the "I.L.P.," though it has a strong permeating influence, still counts only a handful of members of Parliament. Even these seven members are not the choice of purely Socialist electors. In nearly all of them, we fancy, is a Liberal admixture; while in certain double-member constituencies they represent a tacit exchange of votes between Liberal and Labor candidates. This seems to us a perfectly wise arrange-

ment; but it does not provide an entirely "independent" basis. Nor does this party of a mixed origin think it wise as yet to press a descriptive Socialist label on its standard-bearers, or to put forth a definitely Socialistic programme in competition with Liberalism. The "I.L.P.," in a word, is a Radical-Socialist Party, with the important qualification that it has a sectional aim and title, and has hardly thought out its general relationship to national and Imperial politics. All that is quite consistent with an extremely valuable contribution to public life. But it does imply that a dominant Socialist party is unlikely so long as British Liberalism remains a widely different thing from the National Liberalism of Germany or the individualist Republicanism of France.

The real criticism of the "I.L.P." and of the Labor Party in Parliament is, we think, that with its excellence of aim and essential honesty of mind, it lacks a certain genius for politics. It ought to be simple and definite, and it is not. We are no believers in the kind of independence which is independent of common sense, that is to say, of the consequences of men's actions. But we confess that, in our view, the "I.L.P." would have made a greater impression on Parliament and the country if it had been able to carve out for itself a clear course of action, and rigidly hold to it. It is now a Parliamentary Party, in competition with the older organizations, and it has to satisfy a large, eager, and half-disciplined constituency outside. It is thus highly tried; but it has had a great rôle and a great theatre to play it in. There is the salient fact of *poverty*, of which the Labor Party are the prime witnesses and accusers before the world, and we are not sure that they have let the House of Commons see enough of it. A Labor Party cannot well spread itself over the whole surface of political thought and action; but it can concentrate. It is not our business to frame programmes for parties, but there have been two associated lines of advance for Labor, one of which at least the "I.L.P." have allowed the Liberal Party to snatch from them—the Minimum Wage Standard and the Eight Hours Day. There was a banner to fight under in the constituencies, and eventually in Parliament. But in the Commons there has also arisen a great controversy in which the new-born Labor Party might have taken a decisive part. Its actual work was honorable and useful, and, even so far as one episode goes, distinguished. But on the whole a great political and moral opportunity was lost. The real leader of the revolt against armaments was the Liberal Party in the constituencies, not the Labour group. Yet if the Labor Party in Parliament had elected from the first to join the Radicals in unflinching resistance to the growth of armaments, the foreign and the social policy of this country since 1909 might have been notably changed. Labor is pre-eminently the international force, and though dockyard interests hamper an individual member here and there, the moral power of our Labor parties as a whole gives them a peculiar right to protect the "Social Reform Fund" from its worst enemy, which is the war services. The "I.L.P." will have a right to the extreme sectionalism which they sometimes exhibit in the constituencies

when they have shown what they can do to make a real party in the assembly where their chief sphere of influence lies.

In the effort to escape the reproach of want of freedom for themselves, the "I.L.P.," in their conference at Bradford, sought to discover a freer mode of Parliamentary action. That, of course, is policy for the future. We have great sympathy with their criticism of the working of the Cabinet system, with its pivot of collective responsibility. No one can say that it makes for honesty or for efficiency. The fortunes of a great cause, such as Home Rule, ought not to hang on the conduct of a single department or the behavior of the man who controls it, or even on the opinion of the House of Commons on a minor or an unrelated subject. Nor, when an issue like foreign policy is ostensibly withdrawn from the list of party issues, has a Liberal Cabinet a right to invoke in its defence the machinery which has been constructed and is maintained for the representation of Liberal feeling and opinion in Parliament. If the Commons are invited to take a free view of foreign policy, a free vote must equally be open to them. If such a vote were hostile, the Minister and not the Cabinet ought to suffer. Certainly, we should do ill to take from the whole Government the responsibility of either satisfying the House as to its general policy and management of affairs or taking notice to quit. But we doubt whether this process would be interfered with if something like the Bradford resolution were woven into our Parliamentary system, and "Cabinet rule" were, we will not say abolished, but modified. Certainly, the fixed term for Parliament does not, in its application to the French system, turn Governments into Tite Barnacles, or even make them less sensitive to Parliamentary opinion than is our own Ministry. The precise contrary is the fact.

Some relaxation of the power of the Executive to dominate the House, through the Whips and the caucus, is, we think, demanded. The growing complexities of politics, the crossing of issues, and withal the declining power of the private member or the unofficial group, are all arguments for such a change. Governments become too fixed in the routine of office, and criticism of them is often timid and belated when it should be bold and prompt. The freshening power of ideas, the calls of humanity, the advance of new causes, the protest against bureaucratic folly or harshness, are elements in the right government of a community, especially of the right interpretation of Liberalism, and in the modern regimentation of parties we do not get enough of them. A party like the "I.L.P." which is not a candidate for office, and lets the great prizes of politics go elsewhere, must either assert its title to free Parliamentary speech and voting, or perish. But no one who believes in representation, or has generous conceptions of the State, wants it to perish, for without it and its natural allies, the Radicals, there might be little Liberalism left. We think it has two faults. It is too sectarian outside Parliament and too impressed with the power and glitter of the great party machine inside. There are real excuses for it. The modern State is largely a lawyers' State; and we confess that we are frankly sceptical as to the power

of a Labor Party, cut off from resort to middle-class brains and culture, to fight its way through the immense tangle of relationships on which such a society rests. Foreign policy, high administration, are as yet almost untrodden ground to it. But it ought to grow, for it is the fruit of the representative principle, as well as of the material wants of labor, and if the leaders of Liberalism are wise, they will not fear to provide the soil in which it, or its like, may flourish.

OUR NEW CIVIL SERVICE.

A BOAST that was once on every good Tory's lips when he talked about the constitution of his country as the preliminary to suspending Habeas Corpus may be applied with less suspicion of partiality to its Civil Service. It is by universal admission "the envy of surrounding nations." Thanks in the main to three or four men, notably, of course, Macaulay, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Charles Trevelyan (satirized as Sir Gregory Hardlines in Trollope's "The Three Clerks"), and Gladstone, the old evils of family patronage were destroyed half a century ago, and the modern Civil Service came gradually into existence. Mr. Graham Wallas has declared, in his book "Human Nature in Politics," that the creation of this service was the one great political invention in nineteenth-century England, and when we remember how overwhelming were the forces—private interest, rooted and vested prejudice and class sense, close and disciplined (even Lord John Russell thought, in 1853, that to recruit the Civil Service by examination was republican)—that Gladstone had to overcome, we may well regard his work in this respect as one of the greatest achievements of his career.* John Stuart Mill thought it formed an era in history.

Since 1870, when the main principles of the modern Civil Service came into force, England has passed through a violent change. Who at that time dreamt of the modern equipment of Government, of hundreds and thousands of officials deciding on questions of insurance payments, regulating wages, organizing schemes for decasualizing labor? Who contemplated such drastic incursions into private life and private industry? In 1870, great principles were at issue, but though they were bitter and contentious, they were comparatively simple. But the England of 1914 is quite unlike the England of 1870, and every day the difference increases. As more and more work and responsibility are thrown upon the State, the duties of the Civil Service become immensely more various, more responsible, involving more and more qualities that are not tested by examination. Meanwhile, the general control of the Civil Service has altered comparatively little. The Treasury, admirably supplied with brains and organization for its own proper work, had no organization and no reserve power for taking in hand the questions that arose with the enormous expansion of the Civil Service and its range of work. Consequently, the general problems that faced the State as an employer were never threshed out, and as a result, we get such anomalies as the scandal of boy-

* The whole story is told in "The Civil Service of Great Britain," by Robert Moses. (P. S. King.) Mr. Moses's book is one of the publications of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

clerk employment, the want of system and justice in the treatment of women, the want of co-ordination and organic arrangement in the work of different departments, and the virtual evasion of the problem of appointment from outside by methods that will escape any suspicion of a return to mere patronage. Whose business is it to look after such questions? The Treasury is mainly concerned with the estimates of Departments; the Civil Service Commission with testing the qualifications of candidates. General questions are left to take care of themselves, with the usual result. Boy-clerks, for example, were cheap; they were not on the establishment of a department, and were therefore available at short notice, and thus an increasing pressure drove departments to resort more and more to their employment.

The task of the Commission that has just reported may thus be described as the task of bringing the general control and recruiting of the Civil Service into relation with the problems set to that service and the conditions outside it—such conditions, *e.g.*, as the modern developments of education, and in particular the modern developments of women's education and women's work. Let us sketch some of these problems briefly, to see how the Commission proposes to treat them. 1. A number of important appointments have to be made by other than the normal method of competitive examination. These include professional and technical officers, and persons of special experience and qualifications, who would be valuable in a department. 2. The classification of the clerical and administrative service is faulty, and it does not correspond as closely as it should with the educational arrangements of the country. At present there are four classes:—Class I. (ages 22-24), practically a University class. Intermediate appointments (age 19). Second Division (17-20), and two classes of inferior clerks. Boy Clerks, who enter at 15 and leave at 18, unless they pass into the permanent Civil Service, and assistant clerks, the lowest grade of permanent clerk, recruited by competition among boy clerks. There are burning questions in this world, relating to promotion, class exclusiveness, and the wretched horizon of the lowest permanent class, and the indefensible exploiting of boy labor. There is a widespread feeling in the Second Division—a body of 4,000 clerks—that it is not treated fairly in respect of promotion or consideration. 3. The employment of women follows no general principle. There are 3,000 women clerks in the Post Office, and about 500 in the rest of the Civil Service. Is there any explanation beyond the historical fact that Fawcett was once head of the Post Office?

In some respects, the capital feature of the Report is the recommendation to set up a department for watching over the general condition and activities of the Civil Service, and this is to be a department within the Treasury. Sir Henry Primrose demurs, though he would welcome a consultative committee. The same purpose might be achieved by giving the Civil Service Commission larger functions. It is clear in any case that this responsibility must be assigned to someone, and it would be a great advantage to appoint experienced and wideawake officials for other departments to serve in this department for a number of years. The controlling department should not be allowed to become stereotyped. The existence of

such a department should diminish some of the difficulties of appointing from outside the Civil Service. The Commission recommend that for such appointments there should be a committee set up in each department, and that the Civil Service Commission should be represented on it.

For the Administrative and Clerical Service, the Commission propose a reorganization. They would keep Class I., and call it the "Administrative Class." For the other four classes they would substitute a Senior Clerical Class (recruited at eighteen), and a Junior Clerical Class (recruited at sixteen). In this way they would open the doors into the Civil Service at each of the ages at which boys leave school after completing a regular curriculum. The Commission lay down four stages in the educational life of the country. Fourteen closes the education of the primary school; sixteen the intermediate stage of secondary education; eighteen the complete secondary education, and twenty-two to twenty-four university education. The Commission would abolish Boy Clerks, and organize the Civil Service so as to suit the educational programme for all except those who leave school at fourteen. They would fix the salary for the Junior Clerical class at £50-£200 and that of the Senior at £85-£350.

The Commission recognizes that more women are needed than are at present employed in certain departments whose work concerns women and children. They find also that the existing differences of salary between men and women are not based on differences in the efficiency of service. (Highly qualified women inspectors receive salaries little less than half those paid to men inspectors of similar qualification.) They propose that the Treasury should institute an inquiry with the object of removing all inequalities not based on differences in the efficiency of service, and another inquiry into the situations in each department that might be filled by women with advantage. They contemplate the introduction of women into the higher administrative posts, and they urge that the Civil Service Commissioners should have the help of a woman adviser.

It is too early yet to pronounce on all these proposals. They have obvious merits, but how far they will be effective depends a good deal on the way in which they are carried out. Thus the new organization is to secure that in each department there shall exist efficient machinery for recognizing and rewarding exceptional cases of ability and merit. Will this be sufficient to stimulate promotion in departments where it is impeded by bad traditions and class prejudice? The Commissioners have perhaps done less than justice to the grievances of the Second Division. The difficulty is that many men in the Second Division qualify themselves for much higher work than they are given, and though this is sometimes, perhaps often, the fault of administration, it is sometimes the fault of circumstances. The Commission have in many respects rather suggested references for other Committees of Inquiry than defined a policy. But one thing can, we think, be said with confidence. The supplementary proposals made by certain of the Commissioners are essential if the general scheme is to answer. Some of the Commissioners make an important proposal for including in the Administrative Class posts that are held at present in many cases by

promoted men from the Second Division. This is important, because the grievances of the Second Division, which are real and substantial, are partly the result of the atmosphere of sharp distinction between grades, and also because the use of different names for the same kind of work tends to discourage promotion. Most important, too, are the recommendations of eight Commissioners on the subject of the employment of women. These Commissioners challenge the conclusion of their colleagues as to the relative efficiency of men and women, urging that no fair inference can be drawn when there is such a great difference in pay (bad conditions being an obvious cause of inefficiency). They object very properly to creating an insulated class of women typists, and recommend arrangements for promotion for that class as most important and most essential. They propose that the responsible staff of the new department should include a woman. If the organization and recruiting of the Civil Service is to be modernized, women must no longer be regarded as inferior Civil Servants, admitted reluctantly into one department after another, with a status and pay that stamps them as the subordinates of men. They will be recognized to be as essential as men. They will hold responsible and controlling positions, and they will have a voice in the arrangement and staffing of departments. We hope that the Treasury Committee which the Commission propose for examining into the various departments with a view to seeing where women might be employed with advantage will not be merely a committee of officials, but that it will include women of experience in administration and women's organizations. The State will not get the help it needs from women until it has made the conditions of its employment attractive and regular enough to cause women to look to the Civil Service as a career in the spirit in which boys and young men at school and the University look to it. As the work of the Civil Service grows in volume and variety, it becomes more important to make sure that no type of experience or ability in the country is excluded. But Civil Service reform does not stand by itself. If the ideal of a sound and democratic Civil Service is to be realized, we have to build a sound and democratic system of education.

WHERE IS THE TORY PARTY?

MR. F. E. SMITH is, among other things, the author of a little book on Toryism, in the course of which he remarks that the name has kept its hold on the popular imagination long after the name Whig has passed into the exclusive possession of historians. "Many persons describe themselves as Tories, and still more are so described in opprobrium by their opponents. It must be long, indeed, since an active politician called himself, or was called by his opponent, a Whig." The new volume of Dr. Murray's great Dictionary embraces the word Tory, and the history of the word is told with the fullness and conciseness that constitutes the charm of that wonderful enterprise. There is a peculiar piquancy in recollecting that the party which finds its most stirring memories at the moment in the Battle of the Boyne inherits its name

from the party that received this nickname because of its attachment to James, Duke of York. In the seventeenth century the word was applied to the dispossessed Irish who became outlaws and lived by plundering the English settlers; it then came to cover all Irish Papists, and in the next stage was extended to embrace robbers or bandits of other races. The name was, therefore, given to an English party in no friendly spirit, but that party, on becoming reconciled to the Hanoverian dynasty, settled down to the defence of order and authority in Church and State, and took pride in its Bohemian name. Similarly the term was given to the colonists in the American struggle who supported the claims and policy of the Mother-country. Macaulay said that Whig and Tory represented, each of them, a great principle, the one being the guardian of liberty, the other the guardian of order.

In the eighteenth century the American question was the sphere of the chief conflict of Whig and Tory principles, and as everybody knows the "Edinburgh Review" wears the American colors on its back. In the course of that struggle a great many officers withdrew from the Army rather than serve against the colonists, and the Government thought it wiser not to take proceedings against them. But the Tories never admitted the doctrine of the soldiers' right to a choice. Thurlow, a typical Tory, said such doctrine must necessarily go to a dissolution of all government. A similar question came up in the early discussions of the French Revolution, and was, indeed, the occasion of the breach between Fox and Burke. In February, 1790, Fox, in a speech on the Army Estimates, alluded to the French troops who had fraternized with the people of Paris at the taking of the Bastille. "He had never thought it expedient to make the internal circumstances of other nations the subject of much conversation in that House; but if there could be a period in which he should be less jealous of an increase of the Army, from any danger to be apprehended to the Constitution, the present was that precise period. The example of a neighboring nation had proved that former imputations on armies were unfounded calumnies, and that it was now universally known throughout all Europe that a man by becoming a soldier did not cease to be a citizen." Burke, in reply, said that the very worst part of the example set by France was "in the late assumption of citizenship by the Army, and the whole of the arrangement, or rather derangement, of their military." During the next thirty years this problem was often presented to the British Army, for it was employed very largely in suppressing food riots and strikes, but whenever a private soldier decided that his first duty was to his own class, and began to inquire into the justice of the case, he received very little sympathy from Parliament. In the affair at the Yorkshire mill, so vividly described in "Shirley," one Militiaman could not bring himself to fire on the starving croppers, and he was court-martialled and publicly flogged. At no time does any Tory leader appear to have adopted the doctrine now preached by Mr. Bonar Law that when one party likes to call its opposition civil war the Army is automatically absolved from its allegiance. The only consideration that was shown to the Army was precisely

the consideration that Mr. Bonar Law ridicules. There were Lords Lieutenant who asked that they should not have to employ soldiers connected with the district in suppressing riots, on the ground that it was expecting too much to ask them to fire on their friends and relations. Mr. Bonar Law thinks that the proposal to exempt Ulstermen from service in Ulster shows that the Government recognize that they have no claim to the obedience of the Army, whereas in point of fact this concession was made to human feeling by the most rigorous of Tory Governments. Meanwhile, it is interesting to observe that Mr. Bonar Law has carried his party back from its function of defending order and government to the earlier atmosphere and association of the word as a party of outlaws. "The King's Government must be carried on," was the Duke of Wellington's formula. To Mr. Bonar Law that consideration comes last.

It is difficult, indeed, to define any principle that the modern Tory Party represents, except the principle of withstanding democracy. The party was, in Macaulay's language, a steadying force in politics. That it no longer is. During the last few years it has been the revolutionary party, attempting to break down the machinery of government so soon as it feared that this machinery was passing into other hands. Its one unifying interest is hostility to Labor and the demands of the working classes. So completely is it dominated by this fear that it has lost all its earlier spirit, the cause of much trouble and quarrel when pushed to extremes, but with a certain value of its own, the John Bull or *Civis Britannicus* spirit. What an opportunity was presented to the party that had always claimed the guardianship of the rights of British subjects abroad in the case of the deportations from South Africa! Nine men had been deported without trial—either, as General Smuts put it at first, because there was no chance of convicting them, or as he put it later, because under his Government South Africa was a kind of Mexico, and these men would certainly be shot—from a country in which we had spent 250 millions, and waged a long war on behalf, as the Tories gave us to believe, of the liberties and rights of British subjects. If the Tory Party had demanded in the spirit of Beaconsfield that these men should not be banished without a trial by Act of Parliament, they would have been acting in accordance with their traditions, and they would have been defending a great and an important principle of justice. But the deported men happened to be strikers, with the result that, with one or two exceptions, notably Lord Hugh Cecil, the party which is loudest and most insistent about its care for British rights and the justice that follows the British flag never intervened at all, except to praise this arbitrary illegality. If we read the events of the last few months together, do they not mean that the Tory Party has become so exclusively the party of a class that it would prefer the risks of revolution to any constitutional or peaceful development that threatens the supremacy of wealth? That is where Disraeli's dream of a national party has ended. No Whig ever went further in preaching the right of rebellion, and no Little Englander in depreciating the rights of British blood.

A London Diary.

THE Parliamentary air is calm, and no pending arrangement threatens a serious disturbance of it. Apparently the Army Annual Bill is not to be interfered with, and the debates on the Welsh Bill will be confined to two days, and will end peacefully. The Opposition will have a small field day over the Stationery Vote, and Lord Haldane and his famous feat in sub-editing will be the victim. A rather more threatening question is that of the Army, for the trouble of resignations is not over, and there are murmurs of the Irish storm at Aldershot, which will deepen should active operations against the Ulster force still become necessary. This is the storm-centre; the seat of the anti-cyclone remains on the back benches of the House of Commons.

It is singular that the Socialist Party in Britain has never united on a policy or a chief. It has had plenty of Lieutenant-Generals—Hyndman, Morris, Champion, Webb, Hardie—but never a General. Now and then the sections have had a common electoral tactic, but that is all. Not only have the Marxians and the Jevonians kept apart, but the rise of the Labor Party has merely produced the old phenomenon of groups and group-leadership. Perhaps this was because the idea of permeating the whole political and social sphere was never adequately realized. The Fabians were the first heretics, and the historian of British Socialism will probably find that it was their honest but narrow intellectualism, tinged as it was with a conservative bias in Imperial and even in domestic politics, which largely sterilized the movement. Three or four of their leaders were men of great public gifts; and it was a misfortune for Socialism when the ablest of them all decided to limit them, so far as direct public responsibilities went, to municipal work. The nearest approach to a broad statement of the Socialist case in Parliament has, of course, come from Mr. Keir Hardie. But Mr. Hardie had two disadvantages. He never cared much for the House of Commons, and he never had a Socialist Party behind him. Trade unionism has always dominated the Labor Party, not the Labor Party trade unionism. The end of these divisions is something like an intellectual failure—the only one which Socialism has made in Europe since the writing of "*Das Kapital*." Is that not rather a portent? And a great lesson to Liberalism to keep living and moving?

To the surprise, and possibly to the amusement, of his friends, Mr. Asquith seemed genuinely concerned at the prospect of having to face the House last Tuesday as a new member. After the Whips had persuaded him with some difficulty to take his place at the Bar—to "toe the line," as the Tories are fond of saying—he kept betraying an extraordinary anxiety, first as to the security of his certificate of election, and next (or so it seemed) as to the validity of its contents. Never did novice scrutinize an election passport more nervously, or show greater embarrassment in the performance of any of the other details of introduction. I am afraid the Whips, after their expectations of a spectacular re-entry,

must have been sadly disappointed by the refusal of this shrinking yet self-willed star to play up to the spirit of the occasion. As I said a short time ago, Mr. Asquith prefers to come and go, or, as in this instance, to go and come with as little ostentation as possible, and is content to leave to others "their exits and their entrances."

WHEN Sir Edward Carson asserts that Ulster is supported by the good wishes of the Empire in her resistance to Home Rule, presumably he means nothing more than that she has the sympathy of a good many Colonial Orangemen. I remember hearing the same idea put rather differently by the Prime Minister of one of our self-governing Dominions. "Our people," he said, "are all in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and no candidate who called himself an anti-Home Ruler could expect to poll more than a few votes." "And those," he added, after a moment's reflection, "would all be Irish votes—the votes of Irish Orangemen."

THE death of Lady Swann is a reminder of the change of type that has befallen the advocacy of women's suffrage in England. The pioneers were mostly Liberals of the Manchester School—the Jacob Brights, the McLarens, the Swanns—not the least able, attractive, and significant of them the lady who has just died. The Liberal wing is still powerful; but a large Tory element has come in under the wing of Lady Frances Balfour, and Socialism, which in its early days was much divided, and indeed included some formidable "antis," is now almost solid for the suffrage. But its greatest voting strength lies with the Labor Party, which would, I imagine, elicit an overwhelming Lancashire and West Riding in its favor, if ever the method of Local Option were applied to its solution.

MR. HUBERT BLAND's sudden death awakes old memories of the famous six—Webb, Shaw, William Clarke, Olivier, Graham Wallas, and Bland—who made the Fabian Society, and for long years dominated its thinking and its policy. Mr. Bland was, in his way, the most original type of all, for he was a real Tory Democrat, and he left his stamp on the movement, not only in his contribution to "Fabian Essays," but in the strain of anti-Liberalism which now and then prevailed over the official line of "Liberal permeation." He was essentially a literary man, with a brisk, combative style, and a sharply critical mind, and he used his turn of ironical humor to great effect as a reviewer of novels in the old "Daily Chronicle," and later in the "New Statesman." I suppose Mr. Bland must have cut up more novels in a gentlemanly way than any Mr. Bludyer of his time.

MR. SHAW has now given "bloody" its baptism of fire; and I suppose it will soon jostle its now venerable predecessor "damn" off the stage. There are one or two rivals still in reserve, waiting to pass the Censor. "Damn" came in with rather a timid grace when I was a boy, to fill a stage inadequately adorned with mere literary cursing. Yet, like most great dramatic surprises, Eliza Doolittle's expletive was quite against Nature. Eliza would have hoarded it as a jewel of price instead of lavishing it on the first "nut" of her new acquaint-

ance. Now, in order to retain it, and to secure the rush of duchesses to hear it said at His Majesty's Theatre, its imitative echo in the mouth of Miss Eynesford-Hill must vanish. I call that righteous retribution. For the only point of bringing out the expletive at all was (I presume) to show that "society" is merely a phase of human vulgarity, and is not even original at that.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE CONQUEST OF DREAMLAND.

AMONG most primitive peoples dream life received far more serious attention than it receives from educated persons in modern times. A higher degree of meaning and reality was given to its experiences. Either the soul of the dreamer left his body and roamed abroad in a wide world of strange adventures, or else the personality of the sleeper was invaded by some divine or demoniacal visitant, who inspired thoughts of good or evil import. In either mode, dreaming became a means by which knowledge might be communicated or the judgment might be informed. Primitive religion and philosophy generally accorded to the visions of the night some virtue which might be applied to the guidance of life, and the skilled interpretation of dreams was a recognized art of the wise man or woman. Clairvoyance, and even the prophetic powers of dream life, of course, have never wholly faded out of popular belief, and have continually found intellectual support among religious mystics. But the general trend of scientific education in Western civilization has been to reduce dream life to triviality and insignificance. Ordinary reasonable persons scoff at the very notion of dreams having any meaning, and dismiss them as the futile fruits of indigestion operating in a dim world of disordered fancy. Even professed psychologists have, until quite recent years, shied before the difficulties of this normal hinterland of the mind, and have preferred the realms of confessed abnormality for their investigations. Among the few who have given attention to the subject, it has been usually held that dreams originate in some purely physical disturbance, while no serious attempt has been made to relate the dream life to the real life and character of the dreamer. But evidently psychology could not long acquiesce in this neglect. As the concept of a sub-conscious mind, a background at once of dormant memories and unfulfilled desires, gained ground as a fundamental hypothesis, it was inevitable that the contents of dream life and perhaps the laws of its working must be approached through this door.

A very significant invasion of dreamland along this line of advance is that undertaken by Professor Freud, of Vienna, as a part of the great psychological restatement to which he is committed. A small book of his, "On Dreams," translated by Dr. Eder (Heinemann), sets forth the theory with such degree of clarity as it possesses. The operative power in dreams is found in the suppressed or hidden elements of desire within each human personality. In the naïve dreams of children, some impulse of greed, anger, or vanity, which has been balked of its natural goal the day before, finds a simple or extravagant fulfilment and satisfaction. "An idea merely existing in the region of possibility is replaced by a vision of its accomplishment." Such is the plain formula from which Dr. Freud works. But in most dreams, especially of adults, no such simple explanation is possible. In all of them, however, he finds the deter-

minant and originating factor in some suppressed desire or emotion constituting the substance of the "dream thoughts" which are moulded into the content of the actual dream. These suppressed or submerged desires are elements in personality, rooted in egotistic animalism, which are habitually kept under and denied access to ordinary consciousness and conduct by the censorship of the conscience or the accepted code of morals and manners.

But when the Censor nods in slumber, the suppressed desires begin to nibble the bars of their cage, and try to poke their way through. If the Censor were quite fast asleep, they might rush the situation, and adult dream life would be as simple as that of the infant or the dog. But the Censor only dozes, and it is necessary to dodge his vigilance. This relation between the caged desires, or, more properly, the thoughts in which they naturally dress themselves, and the guardian conscience, explains the curious and intricate processes of "compression," "transvaluation," and "composition" which go into the actual making of most dreams. Dr. Freud illustrates this theory by several dream-analyses, too lengthy for citation here. The core of the problem, however, as he presents it, is transvaluation or displacement, a dissimulation or concealment of the really driving desire by thrusting into formal prominence other more innocent motives. This act of distortion performed by the dreamer in composing his dream is evidence of a repression. Psycho-analysis, rigorously pursued by oneself, will, Dr. Freud holds, frequently yield surprising information as to the desire which was the true motive in what seemed at first a wild revel of fantasy. The dream does not invent, it only pieces together.

"If we keep closely to the definition that dream work denotes the transference of dream thoughts to dream content, we are compelled to say that the dream work is not creative; it develops no fancies of its own, it judges nothing, decides nothing. It does nothing but prepare the matter for condensation and displacement, and re-fashions it for dramatization, to which must be added the inconstant last-named mechanism—that of explanatory elaboration."

By the last operation is implied the sort of artistic co-ordination of parts, the composition, which we discover in certain dreams which are "properly made up," as contrasted with those which to the waking intelligence appear "quite mad." Adequate analysis, if it can be applied, often reveals in remote corners of past experience the "latent dream ideas" of which the actual dream with all its surface of incongruities turns out to be symbolic. A good deal of the absurdity and even the contradictions exhibited in dreams is attributed to the almost forcible utilization by the latent dream ideas of fragments of the working experience of the previous day for the purposes of representation, much as the players in an impromptu charade will press into the service of their play any articles of dress or other "properties" that happen to lie near to hand, however intrinsically ill-adapted to their purpose.

Wide differences of opinion will exist respecting the validity of such methods of interpretation. Dream-records form in themselves so plastic, so illusory a material for analysis to work upon! A plausible hypothesis in such analysis is in itself so fascinating that one is afraid of inventing or falsifying past memories so as to press them into such an interesting service. Nowhere are we in the presence of hard, objective, verifiable fact. Indeed, several of the instances chosen in this work suggest, in their ingenuity of interpretation, the sort of cleverness employed in the Bacon-Shakespeare cyphers. While, therefore, one may easily be brought to admit that one factor in dream-making is the effort of a suppressed desire to realize itself in some veiled form

through a selection of recent waking experiences floating in the memory, the stress laid by Dr. Freud upon the erotic element in desire, and the whole ingenious psychology of repression will seem to most sober students an over-bold attempt to annex this vast, unexplored hinterland of thought by a too frail fence of hypothesis. This judgment ought not, however, to be treated as a damaging disparagement. Bold, even over-bold, pioneers are needed in the early exploratory work of every science, and, in such a field of enterprise as Dr. Freud has chosen, a man must take his courage in his hand if he or any of his followers is to reap the fruits of conquest.

NAPOLEON IN LITTLE.

MONTH by month for the last year and a half we have been living in memory through the final act of the Napoleonic drama. We have recalled Moscow, Leipzig, and the last brilliant struggle, almost at the gates of Paris, so admirably retold by Mr. Loraine Petre in his book, "Napoleon at Bay" (John Lane). And now we have come to the scene headed "Elba." It is a hundred years next Monday since Napoleon bade farewell to the Old Guard at Fontainebleau and started with fifteen carriages and an escort for the little island which alone was granted him as a consolation prize in exchange for Europe. "Farewell! Keep me in your memory!" he cried, speaking with such dignity that nearly all were in tears, and those nearest him kissed his hands, his coat, any piece of his clothing.

There was no fear that either his soldiers or the kings of the earth would forget him; but, in fact, that farewell was the fall of the curtain. For nearly eleven months he passed out of sight. Then, like a returning ghost—a "revenant"—he was seen again for a hundred days. But that reappearance was only the superb, the hopeless epilogue to the tragedy.

The history of those eleven months is now told with minute exactness of detail by Mr. Norwood Young. His book on "Napoleon in Exile: Elba" (Stanley Paul) was published on the centenary of the Allies' entrance into Paris (March 31st), and he promises that two companion volumes on "Napoleon in Exile: St. Helena," shall appear on March 1st next year, the centenary of the return from Elba to the shores of France. We agree with him that the episode of Elba has been too much neglected. The neglect was partly due to the long delay in the publication of the "Souvenirs et Anecdotes de l'Île d'Elbe," and another volume of personal recollections. They did not appear till about fifteen years ago, though both were written by Pons, who was administrator of the Elban mines during the exile, and became very intimate with Napoleon. This material, combined with many contemporary notes from diaries and letters, especially of British officers, gives us a peculiarly natural and vivid account of Napoleon as he lived. We see him no longer raised above mortality as the conqueror of a world, nor yet visibly concerned with the immortality of fame, as he was at St. Helena. Here, we believe, his true nature is revealed to us with strange intimacy, and at a time when it stood at its final turning-point. At intervals the radiance of his genius still burns undimmed. On the Marne and Seine, at the beginning of the same year, he had shown what the greatest soldier of history could still accomplish against two vast armies, each far surpassing his own in numbers and equipment. The fire of genius still burnt, but it was becoming intermittent now, and in Elba we watch the intervals of its rekindling growing longer, while a kind of somnolence—a "fatty

degeneration"—of body and soul begins to steal over the superman's vital personality.

Painful signs of degeneration were evident on the journey from Fontainebleau to the coast. He was overcome with terror, and he showed it. The evidence of many eye-witnesses is conclusive. His reception at Avignon, Orgon, and other places was violently hostile. He was terrified of the mob and of secret assassination. He refused to eat for fear of poison. He disguised himself as an Austrian officer and as a common courier. He even wore the Bourbon's white cockade. He started up and changed color, we read. "He allowed himself to be completely overmastered by his fears. He was white and disfigured, his voice was broken, he could not manage to appear calm before the domestics." It makes unpleasant reading, the account of that journey. But before we join in the easy jeer at the "coward" who had brought thousands of men to the death he dared not face, let us remember that few of us have known from experience how very unappetizing is the suspicion of poison in the soup, and how unpleasant a death it may seem to be torn limb from limb by savages who glare and spit through your carriage windows.

All his life Napoleon had maintained the superb assurance of his greatness. His brother described him in boyhood as "an inhabitant of an ideal world." He had trusted confidently to his fate, his particular star. Even after the abdication he could not believe his fortunes were ended. He was, to himself as to Europe, the Man of Destiny, unconquerable as a god. How startling a change was it, then, to be brought up sharp and hard against the reality of ferocious crowds execrating his name, or against the reality of polite emissaries whose highest service to their masters would have been his quiet removal from the earthly sphere—a removal more than once actually suggested and devised! There was abundant reason for Napoleon's fear. Of course, we should all wish that in the moment of extreme peril he had preserved that marble countenance and iron nerve which we are confident of preserving ourselves. But, none the less, it would not necessarily be the bravest or those most accustomed to danger who would throw the first stone. For fear is the most incalculable of crimes.

Napoleon was himself conscious of his guilt, and it tormented him. His return from Elba was, indeed, largely prompted by his resolve to recover his reputation for courage. "Poltroon" had often been one of the epithets cast at him by the vulgar. "In any case," he once remarked in St. Helena, "my return from Elba proves that I was not a poltroon"; and, again, during his final exile, he said:—

"The fact is, what instigated me to return was the accusation of cowardice. In all the libels, it was said that I feared death, that I had never run any personal risk. At last I could stand it no longer."

Yet, it was not in the man's nature to brood over his own shortcomings. His spirit dwelt in magnificence. If he might not rule the world, he would rule in Elba. The island is sixteen miles by ten. It contains iron mines and salt pans. Its capital boasts a population of three thousand. There were some old forts, magazines, and a band of three fiddles and two 'cellos. Napoleon took the title of "Emperor and King of the Isle of Elba." By treaty, Louis XVIII. was to pay him a revenue of two million francs, besides incomes for his relations. Not a sou was paid, but hardly had Napoleon received the keys of his city when he began careering all over his Imperial possessions, inspecting forts, designing palaces (he had five houses in no time), planning new harbors and new smelting furnaces, mapping new roads, improving the

water-supply, introducing potatoes, mulberries, chestnuts, and olives, encouraging statuary, and holding receptions at which fifty local ladies might be present. He appointed a Grand Marshal of the Palace, a Governor of the Island, a Director of Military Affairs, a Paymaster of the Forces, Chamberlains, Grooms of the Bedchamber, Secretaries, Valets, and Gardeners. He maintained the etiquette of Courts in every point, and was very particular about his flag. When seven hundred of his Old Guard arrived, together with one hundred and twenty Polish cavalry without horses, he added two battalions of four hundred natives apiece, organized mounted brigades, making five brigades out of his seventeen horses and five mules, and thus built up quite a little army, to say nothing of his naval power, reckoned at one hundred men. With these combined forces he conquered and annexed the small neighboring island of Pianosa, which he intended to convert into an earthly paradise, but ultimately used for grazing. He also occupied his mind with the supply of bread for dogs.

During the first months of his island reign, he continued restlessly active. He got to know his tiny empire by heart. The activity was part of his nature, but it was prompted also by his longing for Imperial fame. His mother and sister came to live on the island. The lovely and patriotic Pole, the Countess Walewska, came, bringing her boy, Napoleon's son. But his wife, the cold-hearted Austrian, did not come, and upon "L'Aiglon," his heir, his "King of Rome," fell the fate which Napoleon said he dreaded for him more than death—an upbringing in an Austrian Court. For himself, as Pons tells us, "the Emperor was tortured by the idea that he was being belittled":—

"He leaned even more upon his Imperial grandeur than upon his military glory. Perhaps he was right. His military glory was an immortal and accomplished fact, which nothing could destroy or diminish, which would be celebrated, independent of human vicissitudes, as the appanage of future centuries. It was not the same with his Imperial grandeur. However immense that may have been, fate had broken it, and he alone, the man, the great man, remained superior to events."

But it would not do. The Empire of a nutshell was not large enough, even for so imaginative a man. The Old Guard began to grumble at the boredom of such a life. Napoleon himself kept repeating, "Je suis un homme mort." He grew fat, and almost ceased to ride. An Englishman who has left a good description of his appearance, wrote, "His complexion is pale, rather yellowish, and has much of that appearance which I might call doughy." The slow physical and mental deterioration was setting in. Gradually this embodiment of activity was growing lethargic. He had greater difficulty in maintaining to the outside world that smiling and proud demeanor which had always appeared more serene the more desperate was the situation. Yet memory would sometimes rouse the glorious power of his genius. Once in conversation with Colonel Neil Campbell (the Englishman who saw most of him in Elba) he enlarged upon the influence he possessed over French soldiers on the field, and said that under him they performed what no other leader could obtain from them:—

"This," writes Campbell, "he ascribed to his manner of talking to them on particular occasions. With soldiers it is not so much the speech itself as the mode of delivering it. Here he raised himself on his toes, looked up to the ceiling, and, lifting one of his hands to its utmost extent, called out 'Déployez les aigles! Déployez les aigles!'"

With memories like those, how should a man remain content to lord it over Elba? Once more he was to raise that irresistible appeal and hear the eagles flap their unfurled wings. It was on the road to Waterloo.

DOES CONQUEST PAY?

AN old-world chronicle would have had some words of resigned and puzzled fatalism at the end of the chapter in which it recorded the sequel of the Russo-Japanese War. By the mysterious workings of an inscrutable Providence, the Power which won in that terrific conflict is to-day humbled, distracted, and nearly bankrupt; the Power which lowered its proud flag and admitted defeat, seems, from a distant view, more prosperous than before, less deeply riven by the cleavage of revolution, and better able to arm and to consolidate its military forces. Nor, with all our modern grasping at scientific sociology, is it easy for the contemporary chronicler to avoid imitating the medieval monk. A touch of piety would make the confession that we do not understand what is happening, so much more graceful and reposeful. The really odd fact about the contrast between Russia and Japan, is that we do not clearly see where, in fundamentals, their situation differs. Both peoples are, by European standards, dismally poor. In Japan, income-tax is paid on incomes over £30, and it is only a small minority of families which pays. In Russia the average yearly income is said to be only between £5 and £6 per head of the population. Famine is now raging in the poorer Northern districts of Japan, but it is chronic in some parts of Russia, and the fact that harvests have latterly been abundant does not mean that the peasantry is really on the road to prosperity. In both Empires the burden of taxation is crushing, and in both it is the supposed necessity for great armaments which explains them. In neither is representative government a reality, and though Japan probably has the advantage here, both are swayed by a sacrosanct autocracy, and both are driven to repress the modern phase of revolt by the persecution of a struggling Socialist movement. Each attempts to foster the transition from an agricultural to an industrial form of civilization by high protection, and in each the new factories show a ruthless exploitation of the wage-earners which could not be paralleled in Western Europe. Over the finances of them both, cool critics shake their heads, and predict the inevitable catastrophe. Corruption in the public services is a plague in both.

But where so much is the same, everything none the less is different. Russia can afford to startle Germany by re-arming her artillery, building Dreadnoughts and strategic railways, and now, for climax, by a proposal to increase her "peace" army by 400,000 men. Japan is shaken by a popular revolt against reckless expenditure complicated by shameless corruption, and a Ministry, dominated by the Satsuma clan, which lives by controlling the fleet, must acquiesce in a reduction of its naval estimates by the relatively vast figure of £7,000,000. Defeat has brought a seeming prosperity; conquest has led to ruin, and this paradoxical result has come about where both Powers followed a similar policy in not very dissimilar conditions. It is a pretty puzzle for social science.

To the modern school of pacifists one-half of this pair of facts will not seem surprising. We have before us a collection of Mr. Norman Angell's essays and addresses ("The Foundations of International Polity," Heinemann), which restates his familiar position, not, perhaps, with all the freshness and force of his earlier writing, but with unshaken conviction and the same formidable combination of logic with faith. Is there here, in the plight of Japan, a striking confirmation of his central doctrine that conquest does not pay, and that the accumulation of force is not so much a crime as an irrelevance in modern States? Here, indeed, it would seem that conquest, so far from enriching the victorious

nation, has actually impoverished it, so that it finds itself unable to maintain the forces which its rulers think necessary to secure its acquisitions. The main conclusion is evidently sound in this instance when the facts are broadly viewed, but we doubt whether this particular illustration goes far on a close view to prove the detailed thesis. Mr. Angell's argument is addressed to peoples of a more advanced civilization than either Russia or Japan. It is true to say of us, or of the Germans, that if we were to embark on a European war, though we annexed territory, we should not acquire land. Neither the fields nor the factories of the conquered territory would change hands. A profitable conquest on Norman lines is to-day for us impossible. Our ruling class does not think of land as the typical form of wealth. But that is hardly true as yet of Russia and Japan, which are still partially in an agrarian phase of development. When they expand, they do take land. Even in Northern Persia, which has not yet been annexed, thousands of Russian settlers have followed the army of occupation, and have acquired Persian lands at a nominal price. In Korea the Japanese certainly began to carry out a scheme of military colonization at the expense of the Korean farmers, which called forth indignant protests from some English observers on the spot. How far it has gone we do not know. In the Balkans there has been an ominous movement of great masses of the population. Albanians have fled before the Serbs, Bulgarians have quitted Greek territory, some Greeks have fled from the new Bulgaria, and Turks have everywhere abandoned farms and villages. It will be found when the process is complete and a balance struck, that the victorious races have added to their landed wealth, and a Balkan Domesday Book will record that the fortunes of countless Serbian and Greek families have been advanced by conquest. Force at this level of civilization is rather a brutality than an irrelevance. The Norman epoch is not yet quite ended. Even in the British Empire there are Matabele and Zulus and Masai who have seen something of it.

On the higher level of civilization with which Mr. Norman Angell chiefly deals, the order of facts which his thesis fails to cover is subtler and more elusive. We have no difficulty in accepting his main premises. A modern people does not "own" its colonies and dependencies, and therefore cannot as a nation be enriched by conquest. The spoils of Empire do not go to the masses at home, who are unaffected by the process of expansion, save in so far as they bear the burden of taxation and see the resources of social reform squandered upon armaments. The Norman of to-day is not a military adventurer, but the financier and the investor who is concerned in the various dependencies, protectorates, and spheres of influence or penetration which a modern Empire attaches to itself. The export of capital has come to be, from the standpoint of the moneyed class, immensely more important as a direct source of profit and income than the export of goods. Trade does not follow the flag, but the flow of capital on the whole does so. It is a quasi-political process, and it long ago harnessed diplomacy to itself. Nations are not in business as a joint-stock concern, as Mr. Angell puts it; but that is a misleading assumption, unless we recognize also that capitalists do act in national groups abroad, and do receive from diplomacy, not merely protection, but active support in their schemes of expansion. The cruder cases, where this pressure leads to a territorial change, are, of course, easily recognized. Everyone knows that the real motive of the Franco-German struggle over Morocco was the rivalry of French and German capitalists to exploit its virgin mines and to supply it with public works. We all take it as a matter

of course that railway building in India or irrigation works in Egypt should be in the hands of British contractors. What is not so readily grasped by the general public is that in countries like Turkey and China the competition among financiers for concessions invariably involves their governments. Everyone knows that the Bagdad Railway, financed and controlled by private German citizens, is a semi-official enterprise. But rather less directly, rather less overtly, British diplomacy stands behind British railway ventures in China. The fact is avowed where we claim a sphere of monopoly, and one gathers from a telegram a few weeks ago in the "Times" that our pretension to a "place in the sun" in the Yangtze Valley is about to be enforced against rival Powers. The diplomacy which stands behind the exporter of capital is far from relying exclusively on its conversational charm. The shadow of a British ambassador, when he visits the Porte or the Tsung-li-Yamen, is apt to shape itself into the semblance of a Dreadnought. Armaments stand behind this competition for economic opportunity, and play their part alike in over-awing dying empires and in impressing rival competitors. The struggle for a balance of power has its motive and its impetus largely in this singular modern relationship between the State and finance.

It is the omission of this puzzling and repugnant set of facts which explains a certain want of co-ordination between Mr. Angell's thesis and our modern problem of armaments. Force is not yet an irrelevance, though the ends which it serves are not European ends, or even national ends. Nations struggle no longer over their hearths and homes, their national liberties and their national faiths. They can be induced to struggle for the right to dig iron ore in the Atlas and to dump it in the form of steel rails at Bagdad. Pacifists are sometimes apt to assume that the armament firms alone have an interest in armaments, and that all the rest of the world is their dupe. It is rather the whole world of finance, restlessly seeking outlets in regions which have yet absorbed but little capital, which has this interest. Its power depends in every modern State on the failure of democracy to organize its control over diplomacy. The direct attack on armaments is probably destined to be thwarted until this pervasive and subtle influence has been studied and undermined.

TOYS.

EXHIBITIONS, like all other manifestations of the human mind, depend for their value upon the degree to which they are directed by a guiding principle—that is to say, an idea. Anything more depressing to an intelligent visitor than the ordinary commercial stalls, unless, indeed, it be the intervening "side shows," can hardly be imagined. Now and again, however, one chances upon exhibitions, or sections of exhibitions, which make a real addition to knowledge or a real appeal to thought.

Such is the collection of toys now to be seen in one corner of the Children's Welfare Exhibition at Olympia. Here, in some dozen show-cases, are epitomized the national characters of as many races belonging to half as many Continents. History, ethnography, psychology, even sociology, have their word to say. The Maori rattle—dried seeds in a closed-up pod—is the prototype not only of all the rattles shaken in the ears of myriads of babies, but also of the bladder and peas that have been the clown's badge from the Middle Ages downward. The primitive African doll, suggested to its maker by the forked twigs and thicker stem that forms its legs and body, has modern sisters on many an English country-

side; and the little cart, with its wheels of hardened clay, sold for a small coin to some bare-legged Hindu child, is akin to the contrivance put together out of match-boxes and empty cotton-reels by a ragged urchin in an East-End slum. To study the toys that children make for themselves—pathetic, clumsy efforts, whose shortcomings the young imagination supplies—is to learn how far astray the adult maker and the adult purchaser too often wander. Children, it appears, imitate in their playthings the objects that attract their attention in daily life. Dolls, animals, boats, carts, and in modern times trains, chairs, tables, boxes, chests of drawers—such are the things that children fashion for themselves. Sometimes the dolls and animals are, to our older eyes, grotesque in their inexactitude, but it is never at the grotesque that the child maker aims. It is safe to say that no child would ever have created a goliwog or a "Campbell Kid"—that leering image of a fortunately most unnatural child. Such toys are chosen as "funny" by older persons of sophisticated and even perverted tastes; they belong to the same stratum of mind as the term "kiddy." Happily, they do not always vulgarize the taste of their childish owners, who are not yet of an age to recognize or respond to suggestiveness, but they do to some extent blunt the child's perception and preference of beautiful things, and thereby tend to perpetuate their own ugliness.

Civilization, however, does not always spoil the toys of its generation; sometimes it merely achieves that perfection of detail of which all children, as they grow towards their teens, dream; and whenever it does so, its creations incline to slip across the boundary between the plaything and the work of art. Just upon this dividing line stands a wonderful Dutch kitchen—a real doll's kitchen made for real little girls, and, at the same time, a model exemplifying the proverbial cleanliness and practicality of Holland's housewifery. With this kitchen any children could joyfully play, cooking Lilliputian meals on its stove, timing their processes by its really ticking clock, and pumping water from a real tank to wash dishes. It might even be possible, but for their historic preciousness, to play with the pair of old English dolls, whose careful, finely-made outfits bring us face to face with the garments of our ancestors. But one can hardly dream of playing with the twelve exquisite historical figures of Hungarian women, who owe their existence to Mademoiselle Irene de Zadubansky. Made apparently of wood, these diminutive persons have finely-moulded hands and shoulders, delicate, high-bred countenances, silken hair, dressed accurately according to their date, and clothes so graceful as to preach the universal truth that human beauty cannot be spoiled by any hooped skirt or coal-scuttle bonnet, or towering extinguisher-shaped "hennin." Standing half-way between a Tanagra statuette and an artist's sketch for a fancy costume, these puppets are toys no longer, though they retain, amid their historic correctness, something of the doll's charm. They ought to live in a house of glass, where no dust could ever come, where they would be looked at daily, and, once in a while, turned round to present another view. To the same category belong the numerous and marvellous reproductions by Frau Zieger, whose South German peasants, old-fashioned ladies, and rustic store cupboards, all accurate to the tiniest detail, and all exhibiting miracles of fine needlework, are really historical documents. All these, and the waggon loaded with a peasant bride's dowry, the bed, the spinning-wheel, the loom, the old table, the chairs, the cupboard stored with clothes and with unspun flax, even the cradle for by-and-by, have all been made

by Frau Zieger's two hands. So has the green-painted shop, with the Early Victorian bonnets hanging in its windows, the heelless slippers on its counter, and the many gowns packed on its enclosed shelves. In such a shop our grandmothers and great-grandmothers bought such bonnets, and went away smiling.

Near to these treasures, which, indeed, belong to him, Mr. Tony Sarg, whose populous posters are familiar to all Londoners, shows a little brigade of toys, just about to invade the shops. They are wooden figures, not of the everlasting soldier, but of rarer personages, beef-eaters, Henry the Eighth with his wide sleeves, Elizabeth with her ruff, all strong and somewhat simplified, but all marked by an artist's touch, and all agreeably colored. Emphatically, these belong to that good modern movement of which other specimens come from Irish village industries and from London work-rooms, solid, generally plain, and not costly, but excellently planned and made.

Glancing round before departure, the eye rests upon a group of penny English toys, nearly all of them toys of action and individualistic; upon Russian and German toys, which tend to be communistic, and to represent not the one person or the one animal, but the whole village with its cattle and its trees; upon cheap Japanese toys, so delicately made, so full of character, and sometimes so gently humorous; upon the stout effigy of a Burmese gentleman, long-eyed and of exotic physiognomy; upon the sturdy wooden stables from Finland; in short, upon the whole collection of interesting things which do so much credit to the generosity of the lenders, and to the taste and tact of Miss L. Keyser Yates, who succeeded in borrowing them. Here, indeed, are models for a true reformation of our nurseries, debauched by the vices of expense and ugliness in the children's playthings.

Short Studies.

STUDIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE.*

I.—THE WRITER.

EVERY morning when he awoke his first thought was: How am I? For it was extremely important that he should be well, seeing that when he was not well he could neither produce what he knew he ought, nor contemplate that lack of production with equanimity. Having discovered that he did not ache anywhere, he would say to his wife: "Are you all right?" and, while she was answering, he would think: "Yes—if I make that last chapter pass subjectively through his personality, then I had better —" and so on. Not having heard whether his wife were all right he would get out of bed, and do that which he called "abdominal cult," for it was necessary that he should digest his food and preserve his figure, and while he was doing it he would partly think: "I am doing this well," and partly he would think: "That fellow in 'The Parnassus' is quite wrong—he simply doesn't see —" And pausing for a moment with nothing on, and his toes level with the top of a chest of drawers, he would say to his wife: "What I think about that Parnassus fellow is that he doesn't grasp the fact that my books —" And he would not fail to hear her answer warmly: "Of course he doesn't; he's a perfect idiot." He would then shave. This was his most creative moment, and he would soon cut himself and utter a little groan, for it would be needful now to find his special cotton wool and stop the bleeding, which was a paltry business, and not favorable to the flight of genius. And if his wife, taking advantage of the incident, said something which she had long been waiting to say, he would answer, wondering a little what it was she had said, and thinking: "There it is, I get no time for steady thought."

* No individual has posed for any of these caricatures.

Having finished shaving he would bathe, and a philosophical conclusion would almost invariably come to him just before he doused himself with cold—so that he would pause, and call out through the door: "You know, I think the Supreme Principle —" And while his wife was answering, he would resume the drowning of her words, having fortunately remembered just in time that his circulation would suffer if he did not douse himself with cold while he was still warm. He would dry himself dreamily developing that theory of the Universe, and imparting it to his wife in sentences that seldom had an end, so that it was not necessary for her to answer them. While dressing he would stray a little, thinking: "Why can't I concentrate myself on my work; it's awful!" And if he had by any chance a button off, he would present himself rather unwillingly, feeling that it was a waste of his time. Watching her frown from sheer self-effacement over her button sewing, he would think: "She is wonderful! How can she put up with doing things for me all day long?" And he would fidget a little, feeling in his bones that the postman had already come.

He went down always thinking: "Oh! hang it; this infernal post taking up all my time!" And as he neared the breakfast room, he would quicken his pace; seeing a large pile of letters on the table, he would say, automatically, "Curse!" and his eyes would brighten. If—as seldom happened—there were not a green-colored wrapper enclosing mentions of him in the press, he would murmur: "Thank God!" and his face would fall.

It was his custom to eat feverishly, walking a good deal, and reading about himself, and when his wife tried to bring him to a sense of his disorder, he would tighten his lips without a word, and think: "I have a good deal of self-control."

He seldom commenced work before eleven, for though he always intended to, he found it practically impossible not to dictate to his wife things about himself, such as how he could not lecture here; or where he had been born; or how much he would take for this; and why he would not consider that; together with those letters which began:—

"My dear —,

"Thanks tremendously for your letter about my book, and its valuable criticism. Of course, I think you are quite wrong. . . . You don't seem to have grasped. . . . In fact, I don't think you ever quite do me justice. . . ."

"Yours affectionately,
" —,"

When his wife had copied those that might be valuable after he was dead, he would stamp the envelopes, and exclaiming, "Nearly eleven—my God!" would go somewhere where they think.

It was during those hours when he sat in a certain chair with a pen in his hand that he was able to rest from thought about himself; save, indeed, in those moments, not too frequent, when he could not help reflecting: "That's a fine page—I have seldom written anything better;" or in those moments, too frequent, when he sighed deeply, and thought: "I am not the man I was." About half-past one he would get up with the pages in his hand, and, seeking out his wife, would give them to her to read, remarking: "Here's the wretched stuff—no good at all;" and taking a position where he thought she could not see him, would do such things as did not prevent his knowing what effect the pages made on her. If the effect was good he would often feel how wonderful she was; if it was not good he had at once a chilly sensation in the pit of his stomach, and ate very little lunch.

When in the afternoons he took his walks abroad he passed great quantities of things and people without noticing, because he was thinking deeply on such questions as whether he were more of an observer, or more of an imaginative artist; whether he were properly appreciated in Germany; and particularly whether one were not in danger of thinking too much about oneself. But every now and then he would stop, and say to himself: "I really must see more of life, I really must take in more fuel;" and he would passionately fix his eyes on a cloud, or a flower, or a man walking, and there would instantly come into his mind the thought: "I have

written twenty books—ten more will make thirty—that cloud is grey;" or: "That fellow X—— is jealous of me! This flower is blue;" or: "This man is walking very—very —. D—n 'The Morning Muff,' it always runs me down!" And he would have a sort of sore, beaten feeling, knowing that he had not observed those things as accurately as he would have wished to.

During these excursions, too, he would often reflect impersonally upon matters of the day, large questions of Art, Public Policy, and the Human Soul; and would almost instantly find that he had always thought this or that; and at once see the necessity for putting his conclusion forward in his book or in the press, phrasing it, of course, in a way that no one else could; and there would start up before him little bits of newspaper with these words on them: "No one, perhaps, save Mr. —, could have so ably set forth the Case for Baluchistan." Or, "In the 'Daily Miracle' there is a noble letter from that eminent writer, Mr. —, pleading against the hyperspiritualism of our age."

Very often he would say to himself, as he walked with eyes fixed on things that he did not see: "This existence is not healthy. I really must get away and take a complete holiday, and not think at all about my work, I am getting too self-centred." And he would go home and say to his wife: "Let's go to Sicily, or Spain, or somewhere. Let's get away from all this, and just live." And when she answered, "How jolly!" he would repeat, a little absently, "How jolly!" considering what would be the best arrangement for forwarding his letters. And if, as sometimes happened, they did go, he would spend almost a whole morning, living, and thinking how jolly it was to be away from everything; but towards the afternoon he would feel a sensation, as though he were a sofa that had been sat on too much, a sort of subsidence very deep within him. This would be followed in the evening by a disinclination to live; and that feeling would grow until on the third day he received his letters together with a green-colored wrapper enclosing some mentions of himself, and he would say: "Those fellows—no getting away from them!" and feel irresistibly impelled to sit down. Having done so he would take up his pen, not writing anything, indeed—because of the determination to "live," as yet not quite extinct—but comparatively easy in his mind. On the following day he would say to his wife: "I believe I can work here." And she would answer, smiling, "That's splendid"; and he would think, "She's wonderful!" and begin to write.

On other occasions, while walking the streets or about the countryside, he would suddenly be appalled at his own ignorance, and would say to himself: "I know simply nothing—I must read." And going home he would dictate to his wife the names of a number of books to be procured from the library. When they arrived he would look at them a little gravely and think: "By Jove! Have I got to read those?" and the same evening he would take one up. He would not, however, get beyond the fourth page, if it were a novel, before he would say: "Muck! He can't write!" and would feel absolutely stimulated to take up his own pen and write something that was worth reading. Sometimes, on the other hand, he would put the novel down after the third page, exclaiming: "By Jove! He can write!" And there would rise within him such a sense of dejection at his own inferiority, that he would feel simply compelled to try and see whether he really was inferior.

But if the book were not a novel he sometimes finished the first chapter before one of two feelings came over him; either, that what he had just read was what he had himself long thought—that, of course, would be when the book was a good one; or that what he had just read was not true, or at all events debatable. In each of these events he found it impossible to go on reading, but would remark to his wife: "This fellow says what I've always said"; or: "This fellow says so and so, now I say —" and he would argue the matter with her, taking both sides of the question, so as to save her all unnecessary speech.

There were times when he felt that he absolutely must hear music, and he would enter the concert hall

with his wife in the pleasurable certainty that he was going to lose himself. Towards the middle of the second number, especially if it happened to be music that he liked, he would begin to nod; and presently, on waking up, would get a feeling that he really was an artist. From that moment on he was conscious of certain noises being made somewhere in his neighborhood causing a titillation of his nerves, favorable to deep and earnest thoughts about his work. On going out his wife would ask him: "Wasn't the Mozart lovely?" or, "How did you like the Strauss?" and he would answer: "Rather!" wondering a little which was which; or he would look at her out of the corner of his eye, and glance secretly at the programme to see whether he had really heard them.

He was extremely averse to being interviewed, or photographed, and all that sort of publicity, and only made exceptions in most cases, because his wife would say to him: "Oh! I think you ought;" or because he could not bear to refuse anybody anything; together, perhaps, with a sort of latent dislike of waste, deep down in his soul. When he saw the results he never failed to ejaculate: "Never again! No, really—never again! The whole thing is wrong and stupid!" And he would order a few copies.

For he dreaded nothing so much as the thought that he might become an egoist, and knowing the dangers of his profession, fought continually against it. Often he would complain to his wife: "I don't think of you enough." And she would smile, and say: "Don't you?" And he would feel better, having confessed his soul. Sometimes for an hour at a time he would make really heroic efforts not to answer her without having first grasped what she had said; and to check a tendency, that he sometimes feared was growing on him, to say: "What?" whether he had heard or no. In truth, he was not (as he often said) constitutionally given to small talk. Conversation that did not promise a chance of dialectic victory was hardly to his liking; so that he felt bound in sincerity to eschew it, which sometimes caused him to sit silent for "quite a while," as the Americans have phrased it. But once committed to an argument he found it difficult to leave off, having a natural, if somewhat sacred, belief in his own convictions.

His attitude to his creations was, perhaps, peculiar. He either did not mention them, or touched on them, if absolutely obliged, with a light and somewhat disparaging tongue; this did not, indeed, come from any real distrust of them, but rather from a superstitious feeling that one must not tempt Providence in the solemn things of life. If other people touched on them in the same way he had, not unnaturally, a feeling of real pain, such as comes to a man when he sees an instance of cruelty or injustice. And though something always told him that it was neither wise nor dignified to notice outrages of this order, he would mutter to his wife: "Well, I suppose it is true—I can't write"; feeling, perhaps, that—if he could not with decency notice such injuries, she might. And, indeed, she did, using warmer words than even he felt justified, which was soothing.

After tea, it was his habit to sit down a second time, pen in hand; not infrequently he would spend those hours divided between the feeling that it was his duty to write something, and the feeling that it was his duty not to write anything if he had nothing to say; and he generally wrote a good deal; for deep down he was convinced that if he did not write he would gradually fade away till there would be nothing left for him to read and think about, and though he was often tempted to believe and even to tell his wife that fame was an unworthy thing, he always deferred that pleasure, afraid, perhaps, of too much happiness.

In regard to the society of his fellows he liked almost anybody, though a little impatient with those, especially authors, who took themselves too seriously; and there were just one or two that he really could not stand, they were so obviously full of jealousy, a passion of which he was naturally intolerant, and had, of course, no need to indulge in. And he would speak of them with extreme dryness—nothing more, disdaining to disparage. It was, perhaps, a weakness in him that he found it difficult to accept adverse criticism as anything but an expression of

that same yellow sickness; and yet there were moments when no words would adequately convey his low opinion of his own powers. At such times he would seek out his wife and confide to her his conviction that he was a poor thing, no good at all, without a thought in his head; and while she was replying: "Rubbish! You know there's nobody to hold a candle to you," or words to that effect, he would look at her tragically, and murmur: "Ah! you're prejudiced!" Only at such supreme moments of dejection, indeed, did he feel it a pity that he had married her, seeing how much more convincing her words would have been, if he had not.

He never read the papers till the evening, partly because he had not time, and partly because he so seldom found anything in them. This was not remarkable, for he turned their leaves quickly, pausing, indeed, naturally, if there were any mention of his name; and if his wife asked him whether he had read this or that, he would answer, "No," surprised at the funny things that seemed to interest her.

Before going up to bed, he would sit and smoke. And sometimes fancies would come to him, and sometimes none. Once in a way he would look up at the stars, and think: "What a worm I am! This wonderful Infinity! I must get more of it—more of it into my work; more of the feeling that the whole is marvellous and great, and man a little clutch of breath and dust, an atom, a straw, a nothing!"

And a sort of exaltation would seize on him, so that he knew that if only he did get that into his work, as he wished to, as he felt at that moment that he could, he would be the greatest writer the world had ever seen, the greatest man, almost greater than he wished to be, almost too great to be mentioned in the press, greater than Infinity itself—for would he not be Infinity's creator? And suddenly he would check himself with the thought: "I must be careful—I must be careful. If I let my brain go at this time of night, I shan't write a decent word to-morrow!"

And he would drink some milk and go to bed.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Drama.

VOLATILE MR. SHAW.

"Pygmalion," By G. Bernard Shaw. Produced at His Majesty's Theatre.

Henry Higgins	HERBERT TREE.
Colonel Pickering	PHILIP MERIVALE.
Freddy Eynsford-Hill	ALGERNON GREIG.
Alfred Doolittle	EDMUND GURNEY.
A Bystander	ROY BYFORD.
Eliza Doolittle	Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill	CARLOTTA ADDISON.
Miss Eynsford-Hill	MARGARET BUSSE.
Mrs. Higgins	ROSAMOND MAYNE-YOUNG.
Mrs. Pearce	GERALDINE OLLIFFE.

THERE must be something wrong about it, said Mr. Shaw in one of a rather scandalous series of interviews with himself which preceded the appearance of "Pygmalion," or all the world would not be going to see it. Mr. Shaw was right. There is something wrong about "Pygmalion." To begin with, it is not in the right place. His Majesty's Theatre is too big, and Sir Herbert Tree is too slow. Mr. Shaw's art deals in hard, brilliant surfaces and quick reactions. Above all, his mind is tangential, shooting at everything that flies. These qualities do not consort with Sir Herbert's deliberate manner and the broad imposing stage to which it is set. Mr. Shaw should be played quickly and lightly, not magnificently and grandiosely. But there is a fault in the piece as well as in its production. Let me try and show what it is.

Pygmalion was a royal artist (the breed, save for the Kaiser, is extinct) who fell in love with a statue of ivory that his hands had made. In pity of his case Aphrodite breathed life into the beautiful creature, and Pygmalion duly married it. The story, like all good stories, had a meaning. Its inventor was well aware of the fact that the artist is first and most in love with his art; and Mr.

Shaw, being in the same line of business himself, is also familiar with it. He knows, too, that this art-passion is an exclusive and cruelly exacting attachment, which dehumanizes its victim, so much so that the Greeks figured Pan as "half a beast," and Mrs. Browning, in a suggestive little poem, shows how the making of a poet usually involves the spoiling of a man. Not without a price does the reed which Pan hacks and trims for his piping become a divine instrument; its life with the other reeds has gone for ever.

This is what is the matter with Eliza Doolittle, of Covent Garden, who has fallen into the hands of Mr. Henry Higgins, Professor of Phonetics. Mr. Higgins's specialty has led him into the most daring experiment possible to a virtuoso of his type, the transformation of a Cockney flower-girl into a duchess. The feat was not quite so formidable as it looked, for Mr. Higgins's task was merely to transmute one kind of slang into another—the lisping, drawling sing-song of the alum into the equally flat dialect of the drawing-room. As for the girl herself, all that was necessary was to devitalize and disembody her—to turn something into nothing. These tasks Mr. Higgins duly accomplished. But he had forgotten one thing—that he was dealing with a human being, not with a cleverly constructed machine. So, when his flower-girl has passed the supreme tests of queening it at a dinner, a dance, and a garden-party, her awakening wrath, love, feeling, character, make him aware of the kind of metal which he has tried to fashion for his sport. Eliza Doolittle has passed her examination in fine-ladyship, but she has not ceased to be a woman. When she asks him for a share in life, and in his love and interest, for a future, an occupation, he would fling her back into the slums, or into the arms of the first husband that offers. He, Higgins, artificer in flesh and blood, has done with her. So the girl turns on her brutal trainer, and shows him the kind of man he is by way of inviting him to finish the job he began, and step out of his world of self-sufficing artistry to the common ways of mankind. This he half-consents to do, more, I am afraid, in the spirit of a blackmailed criminal than of a man of genius who has been caught out.

Now, this is assuredly a good subject, well suited to Mr. Shaw's fashion of holding romance upside down, and giving Truth an air of cold repulsion. Indeed, Professor Higgins is a little like the self that Mr. Shaw likes to show to the world, much in the spirit of a shy man who hides his spirituality or his tenderness under a mask of coarseness or of gruff demeanor. What I complain of is that with his reserves and ironies, and by a certain caprice and waywardness of thought, Mr. Shaw has failed to show his audience precisely what he meant. His Professor Higgins is not merely a bully, a ramping, swearing boor; he is such a gross vivisector, that the finer conception of the artist—a kind of scientific Rossetti—almost disappears. Perhaps this is what Mr. Shaw designed him to be. But this is surely a needless and painful defamation of the legend. The artist of the Greek fable is tenderly disguised as a lover; at his best, Pygmalion-Higgins is merely a diligent watcher of a test-tube. Is that a dramatic conception? It might have been; but it is not. Rather it points to the unguarded spot in Mr. Shaw's artistic armor. He observes too coldly; life's absurdity juts so sharply out from the mass as to obscure its beauty. He has hardly the patience even to chronicle affection; it is the clash of wits—the excitement of argument—that seems to interest him. Even then he lets one strain of suggestion cross another. He is as "volatile" as Miss Mowcher. Conceiving "Pygmalion" in the proper spirit of serious comedy, he lets it slip into farce, stiffens it again with irony, and then jollies it up with a shower of verbal squibs and crackers. Thus, when Higgins and Eliza really come to business, it is to no fine issue. He becomes the average male brute, who has found a useful female drudge. She is well fitted to be his help-mate. But he wants no help-mate, only a slipper-warmer; he has his art. Or perhaps he does, in which case he is Higgins no longer. The audience must guess whether he loves her or she loves him, and what kind of blood flows in the veins of these queer, jangling creatures.

Equally wanting in firmness of conception and treatment is the minor key of Mr. Shaw's fancy. Eliza's father, Alfred Doolittle, is almost a masterpiece, save that, like Galatea-Eliza, he talks rather than is. He, too, stands for an admirable idea—the rude anarchic living of the workman exchanged by a turn of fortune for "middle-class morality," ending up in a dolorous, long-deferred wedding at St. George's, Anover Square. Here, again, Higgins has interfered in what was no business of his; he should have let this genial ruffian go his wicked ways. Is this what Eliza's transmogrification was meant to illustrate? Again, I failed to follow Mr. Shaw's line of thought, or to see it as dramatic development. Eliza was immensely amusing as she talked slum talk in primmest Lindley Murray, and answered Park Lane's courtesies with the terrible, if meaningless, adjective, bl—y. But she talks like a gramophone, not like a woman. "What hast thou done with thy life?" asks the poet of himself. I ask Mr. Shaw what he has made of the soul of Eliza. For here was the grand opportunity of his drama—the coming to herself of this slip of the streets when she realizes the crime which a cold-blooded brute of a scientist had committed against her. Mr. Shaw may have meant to show that the rich can do nothing for the poor but leave them alone, and await the judgment of God on both. That would have been a powerful piece of criticism. Mr. Shaw hints but does not make it.

In structure, *Pygmalion* is often brilliant, daring, and gay; too flippant, too long, and altogether too cheap. It would, as I have said, have played better in a smaller theatre. Yet I am not sure that, so far as the broad lines of character are concerned, Professor Higgins could have been much more adequately presented than by Sir Herbert Tree. Both he and Mrs. Campbell belong to the type of dramatic workers who step out of their dressing-room in the same spiritual habit as the one in which they entered it. No marvellous sea-change for them, such as a *Coquelin* or a *Duse* was wont to put on. They are content to be themselves; and as, in particular, Sir Herbert is a large, filling personality, he does well for the blustering Professor, and is more human, more sensitive, than in his set classical parts. Mrs. Campbell's beauty is not the beauty of a London flower-girl; but she simulated it with great skill and humor. Mr. Edmund Gurney's Alfred Doolittle was quite perfect. Mr. Merivale was unfortunately given a character—a scientific Indian colonel—created in order to provide a foil to Higgins, and a chaperon for Eliza.

H. W. M.

Present-Day Problems.

THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD.

(1). THE INFANT.

THE last few years have witnessed a great awakening of the public conscience with respect to the conditions under which many of our people live. The chief reason for this is that we are becoming better informed, and few things have contributed more to this increase of information than the medical examinations of school children. But it is probably not too much to say that our efforts at reform will be little better than empirical patchwork if they are not accompanied by, or rather do not contain as one of their essential and most important parts, a well-thought-out and properly directed scheme to improve the bodily condition of the child. It is true that you cannot deal effectively with the child without opening up great questions, such as wages, food, and housing. But a collective view of their essential relationship is necessary to ensure success in turning out children who are capable of becoming self-respecting and self-supporting units of the Commonwealth. We have to deal with a great army of tired, ill-nourished, and physically defective children who are

in daily attendance at our public elementary schools, and at the same time seek to remove the causes of their unfitness. Malnutrition, from which more than half-a-million are reported to be suffering, is due not only to the quantity and quality of food they have had to eat, but to the conditions under which they have lived from their cradle; further, in many cases, it involves dealing with the conditions of the life and work of the mother before the child is born.

The health problems of child life may conveniently be considered in three stages. The first relates to the early months of infant life; the second, to the child before it reaches the school age; and the third, to the school child. They do not, however, present separate and distinct problems, and they cannot be dealt with apart from one another. As regards the infant, it is not necessary to burden our mind with a great array of figures, although they are available in plenty. The last few years have witnessed a gratifying reduction in the infant death rate, due probably, in the main, to a great awakening of maternal interest and a growing desire to obtain a right understanding of the problems of infant life. For all that, the death rate in 1911 in England and Wales per thousand infants born was 130, and represents a loss to the nation in the year of 114,600 children under the age of twelve months. We should look to reducing the infant death rate to nearly fifty. In the Report of the Registrar-General for 1911, the infant mortality per 1,000 births is shown under occupation groups. The following extracts speak for themselves:—

			Infant death-rate.
Children of	Medical Men	...	39
"	" Army Officers	...	44
"	" Clergymen	...	48
"	" Middle Classes (generally)	...	61
"	" Agricultural Laborers	...	97
"	" Artisans	...	113
"	" Unskilled Laborers	...	152
"	" Cotton Manufacturers	...	157
"	" Miners	...	160

It is safe to say that we lose, even at the present rate, 60,000 infants a year more than we ought to lose. However much, therefore, we may congratulate ourselves upon recent advances, it is well to recognize that we have only made a start.

When we examine the statistics of child mortality during the first twelve months of life, we find that the rate is highest during the first three months of life, and especially during the first four weeks. Ignorance, dirt, and lack of bodily vigor, dating from birth, are perhaps the three chief contributory causes of infant mortality. The lack of vigor, expressed in various terms, such as "inanition," "prematurity," and so forth, which enters so largely into the causes associated with the death of infants during the first few days of their life, is doubtless often associated with pre-natal conditions, although nothing is more unsafe than to generalize from the records of results which are produced by many contributory factors. In a district where women are largely employed in industrial occupations, the child is too often left to the care of ignorant "mindes," is fed artificially, and exposed to other conditions which conduce to a high infant death-rate. When every allowance, however, has been made for these things, it is impossible to overlook the significance presented by the figures from the textile districts, from the potteries, from Dundee, and from other places where women are largely employed. The percentage of married women who are employed varies very much, but in the aggregate there are great numbers of them.

The sickness associated with pregnancy, which is reported under the National Insurance Act to be causing a heavy drain upon the finances of some Societies that have a large proportion of their women members engaged in industrial work, is affording a better indication of the real needs of many of these women than we have been furnished with before. Formerly, they dragged on somehow or other with their work in the factory or the shop, and the Insurance Act affords a first opportunity to many of them for having their ailments attended to. Those who know their real conditions of life and labor do not

wonder that these women are old at thirty or forty, and that so many of their infants are weedy, weakly little things who survive only for a short time. It is very difficult to dogmatize as to the extent of the effects of unfavorable pre-natal conditions on the life and vigor of the child, and a good many of the figures which have been published appear to contain a large element of guess-work; but it is impossible to resist the conclusion that in many cases their effects are disastrous both upon the mother and the child. It is desirable, therefore, that the sickness benefits which are provided in cases of pregnancy should be administered in an enlightened and sympathetic way directed to improve the health both of the mother and of the unborn child. For the moment, however, we will not discuss this.

At the time of delivery and for a few days afterwards, the mother is usually under the charge of a doctor or midwife, and this period can well be considered separately. The midwives work under the local supervising authority, which is the Council of the county or of the county borough, as the case may be, and the improvements in the training and supply of midwives, which have followed from the operations of the Midwives Act, have had a welcome and beneficent effect on the diminution of mortality amongst mothers, and on the treatment of infants. There is a great deal more to be done, however, before we secure that every woman in child-birth has the skilled attention she requires. The duties and responsibilities of the midwife cease as a rule within a few days after the birth of the child, and her work is primarily with the mother. We must look to other agencies to secure intelligent and effective assistance in promoting the well-being of the expectant mother and of the child during its later infancy. It is almost impossible to turn to the report of any Medical Officer of Health which deals with the question of infant mortality, without finding it stated that unclean and improper feeding and maternal ignorance are largely responsible for the present disastrous waste of infant life. It was well summed up by Dr. Reid, County Medical Officer for Staffordshire, in a recent report, when he said "there are many contributory causes of excessive infantile mortality, most of them preventable, but there is one which far exceeds all others in potency—namely, *the prevailing ignorance among mothers as to the proper feeding of infants.*" We find that infant deaths from "immaturity" are twice as fatal in the towns as in the country, and that epidemic diarrhoea is seven times as fatal in the towns.

The chief reason for this is that a much greater proportion of country children are breast-fed, whilst artificial feeding, with all the risks attendant upon it, is more practised in the towns. It was found in Longton, in Staffordshire, in 1907, that the infant mortality rate for infants wholly breast-fed was 111, whilst the rate for those wholly artificially-fed was 442. Children who are fed artificially, apart entirely from the risk of their being given unsuitable food, are much more likely to be getting unclean food, and we find that the death rate from epidemic diarrhoea amongst them is eight times as great as it is in breast-fed children. During one week in August, 1911, of the 2,617 deaths from the principal epidemic diseases in England and Wales, no fewer than 2,461 resulted from infantile diarrhoea. It is not that the mothers, and especially the younger mothers, are not willing and anxious enough to learn. They lack simple and proper knowledge, and, acting on the advice of a grandmother or of some other friend, often give their children all manner of injurious foods. The movement of recent years, which Alderman Broadbent of Huddersfield did so much to encourage, and which has led to the institution of infant consultations, schools for mothers, and other agencies, has resulted in great improvements in the care and feeding of infants; it has brought out the value and necessity of breast-feeding, and, where artificial feeding is required, it has led to the substitution of milk, properly treated and protected from contamination, for other foods.

There are now nearly 200 schools for mothers. They have mostly been established by voluntary associations, although in a few cases they have been

organized by the local authority. Properly worked and sensibly directed, it is evident that they are increasingly appreciated by the mothers who come for advice during their pregnancy, and attend afterwards for information and guidance, and the women are coming to regard them, not only as friendly, but as valuable agencies. The development of schools for mothers on a much wider scale than heretofore is most desirable, and the Board of Education now includes in its estimates monies out of which it is able to give financial assistance to those of them that are of a suitable character. Before we go any further, we should obtain a clear idea as to what is to be the scope and function of these agencies, and to what authority we should look to assist their development and to secure their right direction and co-ordination. Should we regard schools for mothers as a part of our educational machinery, and link them up with the other agencies dealing with the health of the child which are being rapidly established under the local educational authority, or should we regard them as being associated with, and to some extent under the direction of, the local health authorities?

A consideration of this question and of the relations which should exist between schools for mothers and the baby clinics and nursery schools which are so urgently needed in many industrial districts, must form the subject of a further article.

CHRISTOPHER ADDISON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS AND ITS GRAVITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is of overwhelming importance that the exact terms and tenor of Mr. Asquith's offer of voluntary exclusion for six years for those counties of Ireland that desire it should reach the hands of every man and woman in Ulster, and should reach them now, and should reach them direct. I write as a member of the Irish landowning class, who am a supporter—and indeed a passionate supporter—of the policy of this Government, and yet am neither Protestant nor Catholic.

In Ireland, local agencies for the transmission of Parliamentary news are utterly insufficient or partisan; and the majority of the country inhabitants read no newspapers at all, much less summaries of Parliamentary debates. Neither the "Belfast Newsletter," nor the "Northern Whig," nor the mind of Sir Edward Carson, are the right agencies for transmission, though Sir Edward Carson naturally thinks so. Nor are Nationalist agencies. None of these agencies are translucent, calm, impartial. But since in this crisis the country districts are without precise political information, and hang on market rumor, it is of grave importance that the local postmasters, or some other local officers of the Government—urban district, municipal, or village officers—should be employed (in Continental fashion) to deliver direct into the hands of every adult an exact statement of Mr. Asquith's offer. That such a procedure would be unusual or unparliamentary matters nothing. It would be a plainly constitutional act of the Executive. What matters is that the truth should reach these poor people; that they should be enlightened as to the absolutely temperate and just dispositions and unwavering intentions of the Government. To them it may prove to be a matter of life and death. Their decisions should not be allowed to rest on versions derived from Sir Edward Carson or from the summaries of an Ulster local paper. These facts as to the remoteness and ignorance of country districts are difficult to bear in mind in the blaze and the heat of the hasty agitations at Westminster. The London press does not reach Ireland. These are my reasons for venturing to address you.

Permit me to add a few plain words on two other points.

In the midst of the tardy social upheaval which, with stirred hearts, we are witnessing, two signal facts emerge. One, that our luxurious, facile, and squalid London—of

which Mr. Balfour is perfect representative—has ceased to be the centre of power in Great Britain. Whether we like the fact or not, her colossal Hyde Park demonstrations have no more weight than the trivial crowds at a Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. They are as easily assembled, and as lightly forgotten. They are as weighty as the judgments of the "Daily Mail." This triviality of London is mirrored in its mafficking press, which, similarly, has ceased to be representative of Great Britain. With a few distinguished exceptions (of which your journal is the chief), the London press is representative only of the income and opinions of Lord Northcliffe. Whither has the centre shifted? The grave industrial northern and north-western districts of England will in future define the policy and hold the power of English Cabinets. Again, England is divided; plainly, power has passed to her northern half, and will remain there so long as Labor remains clear-sighted.

The other exhilarating fact is that our laboring English people have at last grasped the main reason for giving Home Rule at any cost. This principle, everywhere hitherto glossed over or disguised, is simply that political divisions in Ireland and elsewhere should no longer be based on religious divisions nor sectarian hatreds, but on common civil interests. Hitherto English Cabinets have governed Catholic Ireland by using a dishonest concordat with Roman Catholic episcopacy. This has alike intensified the Orangeism of the North and the ignorance of the priest-ridden South. Now the roots of government, both in South and North, must be removed from the religious to the civil plane.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT TRENCH.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall.

DIPHTHERIA AND ANTITOXIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Piggott, let me say:—

(1) He must not accept without reserve a "little brochure" written by a French gentleman, not known over here, who, fifteen years ago, was editor of a little French journal, not known over here.

(2) Certainly, "diseases like diphtheria are as much an inevitable part of frequent natural facts as wet days and cold nights." The difference is that we can deal with diphtheria by sanitary measures and by antitoxin; we cannot prevent, or treat, wet days and cold nights.

(3) I have already said that the Report of the Metropolitan Asylums Board excludes bacteriological cases from its table of results.

(4) I have already said, also, that the death-rate in laryngeal diphtheria, without antitoxin, is about 55 per 100; with antitoxin it is about 18 per 100. The death-rate among tracheotomy cases of diphtheria without antitoxin is about 85 per 100; with antitoxin it is about 30 per 100.

(5) Mr. Piggott, by the omission of quotation marks, leaves your readers to believe that Dr. Bosanquet and Dr. Eyre said what Mr. Piggott says.

I come now to what he said, on March 7th, about typhoid fever:—

"Sir Almroth Wright 'discovered' or 'invented' a serum against typhoid fever, and in the 'Globe' for November, 1904, we have the result described: 'The serum of Prof. Wright was tried in India, and had to be withdrawn by Army Order. About 100,000 of the South African troops were inoculated, and at the end of the war the Army Medical Department itself recommended that the serum be discontinued.'"

In answer to this statement, let me say:—

(1) Wright's protective treatment against typhoid fever is not a serum at all; it is a vaccine.

(2) I have not time to go to the British Museum and look through thirty numbers of the "Globe" ten years old. But it may be that Mr. Piggott is quoting from some anti-vivisectionist letter in the "Globe," written ten years ago.

(3) The first use of the protective treatment was in July-August, 1896, at Netley Hospital. Eighteen medical officers and candidates for medical officership offered themselves to be treated. In October, 1897, the treatment was given in the Kent County Lunatic Asylum during an outbreak of typhoid to eighty-four persons—all the medical staff and a number of

attendants—with very good results. Next come the eight subalterns on the Khartum Expedition, of whom six were protected and two were not. The six escaped typhoid; the two got it, and one died. During November, 1898, to March, 1899, the treatment was given to many of our soldiers in India (Bangalore, Rawal Pindi, Lucknow). The inoculations were optional, they were made at private cost, and they were made without official sanction, though the original proposal for them in 1897 had come from the Government of India. Pending official sanction, they were stopped. Then, on May 25th, 1899, the Government of India made application to the Secretary of State for India that they should be sanctioned, and should be made at the public cost. On August 1st, 1899, the Secretary of State for India announced in Parliament that the protective treatment, at the public expense, had been sanctioned.

(4) The group under observation—regiments and other units of the British Army in India—was 30,353 persons, of whom 4,502 were protected, and 25,851 were not. The protected had 44 cases, with 9 deaths; the non-protected had 657 cases with 146 deaths. Later, in 1899, came the instance of the 15th Hussars at Meerut: 360 protected had 2 cases with 1 death; 179 non-protected had 11 cases with 6 deaths.

(5) In 1900 came the very striking instances of the British garrison in Egypt and Cyprus, and of the patients in Richmond Asylum, Dublin.

(6) In October, 1899, came the declaration of war in South Africa. For the facts about typhoid among our soldiers, we have Colonel Simpson's "Medical History of the South African War," and we have the Report—after the war—of the Committee on Field Sanitation. The protective treatment in 1899 was still an imperfect instrument; it was put to a most fearful test, under conditions of immeasurable hardship. We might fairly wonder not that it did not achieve more, but that it achieved so much. Sir William Leishman, after a critical commentary on the results obtained in the war, and on the factors unfavorable to the success of the treatment, says: "It is noteworthy that, in spite of all these factors, the general analysis of the results should show that typhoid was twice as common in the non-inoculated as in the inoculated; and, in my opinion, it is even more striking that in every corps, without exception, the ratio should have been in favor of inoculation."

(7) In 1904 the Anti-Typhoid Committee of the Army Council recommended that the treatment, which had temporarily been in abeyance, should be re-introduced into the Army as a voluntary measure, and that investigations should be commenced with a view to the introduction of possible improvements in the treatment.

(8) In 1912 the Committee published its final Report. It deals with no less than 19,314 cases—in India, Egypt, and elsewhere. Of these, 10,378 had been protected, and 8,936 had not. The proportion of typhoid amongst the protected was 5.39 per 1,000; among the non-protected it was 30.4 per 1,000. The Committee recommend that every measure that may be considered practicable should be employed to extend the practice of anti-typhoid inoculation in the Army. "In the opinion of the Committee, its universal application is desirable."

(9) The treatment has been made compulsory throughout the Army and Navy of the United States.

(10) A Bill has lately passed the French Senate making the treatment compulsory in the French Army.

(11) In Avignon, in 1912, typhoid broke out in the barracks. Of 2,053 men, 1,366 were protected and 687 were not. The non-protected had 155 cases with 21 deaths; the protected had not one case.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET.

(Hon. Secretary, Research Defence Society.)

21, Ladbroke Square, London, W.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., THE NATION.]

METHODS IN MEDICINE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The antitoxin-diphtheria debate in your columns opens up large questions of public policy, as well as of research in medicine.

The enormous importance of Medical Research to State concerns and to the welfare of each individual justifies the constant attention the subject receives in Parliament and the press. The broad lines of investigation in preventive and in curative medicine can, and should, be displayed from time to time for intellectual as well as sociological reasons; and an educated public opinion is as requisite in the interest of medicine as in that of any other science that closely touches public and private life. Any undue complexity or abstruseness in the exposition is the fault of the expositor, and inheres no more in medical than in any other knowledge.

The aims of medical research call for no justification; it is the methods which evoke such lively criticism both within and without the charmed circle of workers. Whether to essay the solution of problems in curative medicine circuitously by experiment on the lower animals, or directly by observation in disease, is a question actively discussed in the literature of the day. To this perfectly legitimate intellectual interest there may be contributed some items of knowledge which at present appear to be not generally known, or but imperfectly apprehended.

Leaving aside the ethical aspect of animal experimentation, and any question of fertility and stability of its issues, it may be noted that there exists a department of medicine, systematized and developed, in which animal experimentation occupies no part. The scientific data constituting its bases have been obtained by protracted continuous work for the last hundred years. They have been obtained by experimentation on *healthy* human beings, who have in every instance volunteered for the work. And offers of service in this investigation have never been lacking whenever new or repeated experimentation has been required. The area of investigation has always been the healthy person; and knowledge of the properties of drugs has been the information sought.

Were this method of research on volunteer healthy human beings—the object being to test the curative values of drugs—more strictly adhered to, the knowledge gained would be ampler and more definite than by animal experimentation. Ampler, because the mental stress and the subjective sensations of pain induced by drug-action would come into the category of observations. More definite, in that the differences between the biological reactions of drugs on human kind and on animals would no longer confuse the results.

Not only is this direct method a fruitful method; logic, the grammar of science, insists on its application. In that part of his "Logic" devoted to "Induction," John Stuart Mill takes, as a concrete instance, this very quest—the investigation of the values of drugs for the cure of disease. He insists on the investigation being carried out on the *healthy* organism, and sweeps away as hoary fallacies the method of trial in states of disease, and the method of comparison between a series of cases where a special drug is given, and a series of cases where it is not. "No conclusions of value in a subject of such intricacy were ever obtained in this way."

This pungent criticism may profitably be applied to certain suggestions quoted in the correspondence columns of THE NATION of April 4th.

The only system of medicine that has hitherto consistently followed the behests of logic in its inquiries is Homœopathy. But there are signs of awakening in the schools and in the advisers of the State. To those who are interested in the former, the works of Professor Hugo Schulz, of Greifswald, will provide material for reflection. To those who are anxious that the State should do no wrong, the Minority Report of Dr. George Wilson to the Royal Commission on Vivisection will furnish germinal ideas.

It is high time that moss-grown methods of research should cease to be regarded as the only methods, or as valid methods, when the logic of thinkers and the logic of results, no less than the ethics of procedure, give preference to alternative measures ready to hand.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE BURFORD, M.B.

35, Queen Anne Street,
Cavendish Square, W.
April 7th, 1914.

"THE WASTE OF LIFE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Women who, as guardians, help to administer the Poor Law, and those who, as social workers, come into close contact with the lives and homes of the very poorest, know full well what a waste of life and of maternal force is going on in England day by day. The more one thinks about the matter, the more one is struck by the little heed that is taken as to how the majority of the race comes into the world. More preparations are often made for brood mares and hens than for expectant mothers of the human kind.

Mrs. Fawcett's article on "The Waste of Life" in a recent issue of THE NATION states the need of national care for maternity—for which the National Insurance Act has made a beginning—and presses for favorable consideration of the four demands put forward by the Women's Co-operative Guild. It is to the first and last of these—the forming of municipal maternity centres, and the appointment of municipal midwives—that the present writer wishes to direct attention, and to show how the Poor Law does, to a limited extent, meet both these needs. Further, to suggest that it might be utilized and expanded, so as to form at any rate an excellent basis for carrying out both schemes.

Any municipal service must be put under the control of some municipal body, and, as far as London is concerned, the only municipal body with the machinery or the experience to undertake the charge of maternity would be the Board of Guardians in each of the twenty-nine unions. When the registration of midwives became law, the Borough Councils were empowered to provide for the training of midwifery students. These powers, being only permissive, have, for the most part, become a dead letter. The reason is not far to seek. There are very few women sitting on Borough Councils, on several there are none at all; and the majority of the men are not anxious to spend any money on what does not seem to them of any particular importance. The London County Council is already overburdened with functions. The Metropolitan Asylums Board deals with infectious diseases and lunacy, and is itself a Poor Law authority. It is a non-elective body, and very few of its members are women. What public body is there, then, other than the Guardians, with whom the charge of maternity could be placed?

It is well known to those who administer the Poor Law that one result of the establishment of maternity benefit under the Insurance Act is to diminish the number of those who seek admission to the lying-in wards of Poor Law institutions, and that there are a good many vacant beds. This is not exactly to the benefit of mother or child; for in well-equipped wards—especially in those which are also training schools for midwifery probationers—the appointments are superior to those which many a middle-class mother can obtain. There are two or three resident midwives, and the medical officer of the institution to which the ward is attached is always sent for when necessary or desirable. After the birth the mothers have quiet, rest, proper treatment, and well-prepared food, and, as many a poor married woman has said, every comfort she could desire, and many she had never heard of, much less received, in her own home. In spite of what are often shocking ante-natal conditions, the death of either mother or child is of rare occurrence.

The babies are cared for on approved modern methods, and Miss Stansfeld and her staff of women inspectors under the Local Government Board make surprise visits and examinations. About 70 per cent. of these births are illegitimate, and this is perhaps one of the reasons which keep many wives from applying for admission, even when they are living in single-room homes in which there may already be one or two children. Only a nurse or a dweller in the poorest slums has any idea of the hideous makeshifts amid which human beings are daily ushered into life in this the richest city in the world.

Poor Law maternity wards are actually "municipal maternity centres"; all they need is to be de-pauperized in name and in people's minds, and this could easily be effected if they were always attached to the Infirmary instead of the workhouse. The newer Poor Law infirmaries are in effect well-equipped State hospitals; being rate-supported, they are in some cases better equipped. They are attractions to their medical and surgical staff; some first-rate talent and women of a very high stamp are often secured as matrons. At

several of these institutions maternity training is given to third and fourth year nurses. Among these young women might be found a good supply of "municipal midwives." Where the maternity ward is attached to the infirmary, expectant mothers could also receive pre-natal treatment.

Public attention is being drawn at this present moment to the needs of the blind. The London County Council spends large sums on their education and maintenance. It is a well-known fact to those who have to do with the care of the blind that neglect at birth is one of the commonest causes of blindness.

Another reason for making Boards of Guardians the maternity authority is that more women are elected to them than to any other public body. The Local Government Board, which is, under Parliament, the supreme authority for all Poor Law bodies, has a fine staff of lady inspectors, in whose hands the supervision of Maternity Centres could well be placed, for they are in effect doing this work already. The break-up of the Poor Law in the spirit, if not in the letter, is rapidly going on from within. The very word "pauper" is being abolished. In the schools the old traditions have disappeared. The children are taught by L.C.C. teachers; some of them win scholarships for secondary schools; they do not drift into blind-alley occupations, but are apprenticed to trades, and very few drift into the workhouse. The old idea that the lot of the person in receipt of Poor Law relief must be made less eligible than that of the outside laborer is giving way to the idea of prevention. Widows and families are lifted out of destitution into independence, and children are started in life with a better equipment than their parents would have afforded them. The receipt of medical relief or medical comforts in the form of nourishment no longer disfranchises a man; and medical and infirmary orders are often paid for in part; sometimes, indeed, "full costs" are obtained by the Guardians.

There is actually no more pauperism in receiving out-relief from a Board of Guardians than in having a child fed by the London County Council. Both kinds of help are paid for out of the public purse. There seems no reason why the Poor Law should not, with proper safeguards against imposture and malingering, be linked up with education, public health, insurance, and pensions as part of a great national service for the welfare and uplifting of the mass of the people.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HILL.

(Poor Law Guardian, Wandsworth.)

April 14th, 1914.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With regard to the scheme set forth by the Women's Co-operative Guild, which Mrs. Fawcett referred to in your issue of April 4th, I might suggest that part of the work outlined in this scheme can be dealt with at the Infant Consultations, which at present form a part of the schools for mothers. Advice in ante-natal conditions can and is being given at these institutions, so that it would not be necessary to start any new organization to deal with this part of the problem.

The cases requiring advice would be put into communication with the Infant Consultations by the simple process of calling a meeting of midwives in each area or borough, and asking them to send all cases of pregnancy to the Infant Consultations, where they can obtain expert medical advice.

I think it is high time that the nation spent a little money in trying to prevent disease, and what better moment could be chosen than at the commencement of life? I quite agree with Mrs. Fawcett that the training of midwives is inadequate, and should receive prompt attention, but the chief factor in the "waste of life" is probably the want of rest both before and after confinement.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD CARTER, M.D.

Kensington, April 14th, 1914.

THE ARMY AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Eminent officers have stated in Parliament that military officers have no desire to be, and should not be,

politicians. We have in the House of Commons a lot of men with military titles.

Are they officers or politicians?

If they are officers, they have no right to be in Parliament, and if they are politicians they have no right to have military titles.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. ELLISTON, Lt.-Col.

Merivale Lodge, Meyrick Road, Bournemouth.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ARMY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Now that the dust of the Army Council "guarantee" controversy is dying down, may I note what appears to me to be an important point of principle to which I have not yet seen attention directed?

The memorandum given to General Gough was initialled by a Cabinet Minister and by two military Members of the Council. It was initialled as and for a Cabinet document, and it was in fact a document dealing, not with a purely departmental question, but with a serious question of public policy. I suggest that under a system that was fully in accord with the principles of Cabinet responsibility, it would have been initialled by Colonel Seely alone. As things are, Sir John French and Sir Spencer Ewart have, in effect, been made responsible to the House of Commons. If the document had been signed by Colonel Seely alone, the country need have lost only one administrator of the Army—Colonel Seely. Sound constitutional policy would have prevented the loss of Sir John French and Sir Spencer Ewart.

In practice, all administration tends, naturally enough, to be by boards, official or unofficial. And the principle is, of course, expressly recognized in the newer offices in the Ministry. But it is a curious piece of irony that it is in connection with a Secretaryship of State, which necessarily confers Cabinet rank, that a position has arisen which is, as I suggest, inconsistent with the true doctrine of Cabinet responsibility.

Ought not the military Members of the Army Council to be responsible to the Minister for War, and to him alone, and ought not the only person responsible to the House of Commons for the administration of the Army to be the Minister for War, and he alone? But this was not in effect the case in the recent crisis.

Sir William Anson says that "the civil and military Members of the Army Council are bound to advise him (the Secretary for War) to the best of their ability, and share with him, though in a minor degree, the responsibility for the efficiency of our Army." Whatever this sharing of responsibility may imply, how can it properly imply a sharing of responsibility for the discipline of the Army and its relation to the civil power? Sir William Anson says also: "He (the Secretary for War) must answer to Parliament for the discipline of the troops and for their relation with the citizen, as well as for their distribution, efficiency, and cost." And surely, at any rate for these questions, he alone should be responsible.

I suggest that the present working of the Board system at the War Office is incompatible with a sound conception of the Cabinet system.—Yours, &c.,

J. CATTERALL JOLLY.

60, King Street, Manchester.

THE CURRAGH CAMP.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been in the habit of regarding Mr. Nevins as a champion of the oppressed and enslaved, and have often admired his efforts in the cause of freedom and humanity. I am amazed to find him taking, apparently, a childish delight in the pomp and pageantry, not of war, not a righteous resistance of a nation unjustly attacked, but of the gilded outside show that is kept up in time of peace. He describes the splendor of the various regiments, and relates how clean and well-disciplined they are, and how officers and men are trained to despise civilians; but he ignores all below the glittering surface.

In the first place, the Curragh Camp, and all the other

English "camps" in Ireland, are an insult and a menace to the country. They are the outward and visible sign that in Ireland, as in India, England rules by means of an "army of occupation," which is an anomaly in a civilized century. They are doubtless convenient ways for disposing of the men and finding occupation for the officers, but they are not looked upon by the Irish people in the cheerful and sunny light in which Mr. Nevinson regards them.

I have said they are a menace, and this is true. Mr. Nevinson speaks of the "isolation" of the life, and I wish this were so. As a matter of fact, these camps of English soldiers are centres of immorality and disease, against which the country is powerless, having no jurisdiction over them, and no redress.

Dublin is crowded and garrisoned with English soldiers, with the result that many streets are unsafe for decent people by night, and that venereal diseases exist there that are practically unknown in most parts of Ireland. Like many other unrighteous institutions, war carries evils in its train worse, if anything, than its primary object; and the fact that they are carefully hidden and ignored makes them worse again. The unnatural lives that these men are forced to lead, and the evils to men and women that result therefrom, are, I think, enough to condemn the present system of warfare, were there no other reason. As long as the Army is as it is, I do not think the young men of the country will benefit mentally or morally by the proposed plan of "National Service."—Yours, &c.,

H. H. JACOB.

Newtown Hill, Waterford.
April 13th, 1914

ASIA FREED FROM OPIUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To free Asia from the vices of opium smoking and opium eating would be not only possible but even easy of accomplishment, and that by no generous and noble action, but merely at the bidding of plain duty and common morality. If those European nations, ruling in Asia, which have established complete monopolies in opium within their frontiers (beginning, alas! with England) could bring themselves to renounce their profits and close their "government opium manufactories," the thing would be almost done; for the opium vice would thereby be completely extinguished in very nearly every European possession in Asia. China, with its four hundred millions, has already declared against the vice, and there would remain, roughly speaking, only the comparatively limited territories of the independent native states, many of which would, no doubt, yield to British or French influence. It would be necessary, of course, for the European nations indicated to continue their present policy of stringently excluding all outside opium from their Asiatic possessions. A regulation originally intended to protect the profits of their own "government opium monopolies," would thus be turned by them to a great, disinterested, and beneficent purpose. An Asia freed from the enervating, demoralizing, and destructive slavery of opium would follow. The European Empires in Asia (including our own) would thus, at length, triumphantly have justified their existence, by liberating the Asiatics from a vice which for centuries has stupefied their minds, destroyed their bodies, paralyzed their energies, deadened their moral sense, killed their progress towards civilization, and dragged them ever downwards. Who can doubt that, with the removal of the curse of opium would commence the renaissance of Asia?

It is hardly necessary to point out where England's opportunity lies. Let England be the first to start the reform, and let her have the credit for it. It cannot be doubted that Holland, France, and Portugal would follow. The approaching Opium Conference at The Hague would furnish the occasion for a declaration of this reformed and humane policy.

Lastly, this reform should not be a protracted and gradual one, but should be accomplished at a single stroke. Gradual reformations drag on for ever, and, usually, never materialize.—Yours, &c.,

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Hong Kong, March 21st, 1914.

THE ARNOLD CASE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is an important omission in the reports of the delivery of judgment in the Channing-Arnold case by Lord Shaw in the Privy Council Court on April 7th. The judgment reiterates, as the foundation of its argument, that "all" the libels, "so far as they were assertions of fact, were admitted to be false."

When Lord Shaw finished reading, I rose and begged leave to remind their Lordships that neither my learned leader (Sir Robert Finlay) nor myself ever made any such admission. We only did not allege that the libels were true.

His Lordship accepted the correction, and said that if I cared to make such a distinction at that time, I could do so.

No more was said. The article in to-day's "Truth" and my letter in the "Spectator" of April 11th show how important it was. In Burma the only choice of pleas left to Mr. Arnold by the law was "Guilty" or "Not guilty." He was not allowed to "plead" justification or anything else, and the evidence on which his counsel relied to prove it was nearly all excluded by the judge, who would not allow any argument as to admissibility of the evidence excluded. Mr. Arnold was not allowed to give evidence on his own behalf. He might answer questions put by the Court. If a man accused makes an additional statement in Burma, the law does not require it to be recorded, and it seldom is. Thus, in the Court of the magistrate, Mr. Cooke, who committed Mr. Arnold for trial, Mr. Arnold, in addition to answering questions, made a long statement, which duly appeared in the newspaper reports; but not a word of it was, or by law was required to be, recorded by Mr. Cooke, or considered by their Lordships.

I hope your readers who are interested in this case, which is likely to be discussed from end to end of Asia, will read details in "Truth" and the "Spectator." Mr. Arnold is an earnest man, incapable of making serious charges without careful inquiry, and the belief that he could justify everything said.

Instead of holding a fresh inquiry, as they should have done, the local authorities wreaked their wrath on Mr. Arnold, at the public expense. All the money spent against him in the criminal proceedings just ended, and all the money being spent in the civil suit still pending, come out of the public purse.

If only the executive authorities knew what the people are saying about them, they would know that the waste of money is a small part of the mischief they are doing; and it is all futile. They "cannot paint mud."

I appeal to all the honest journalists and editors in the Empire to stand by Mr. Arnold, and demand that the civil case stop at once, and that a payment of costs in the criminal case be made to him. The punishment he has already suffered cannot be justified. If his fellow-journalists fail to help him, then they will deserve to be called—

"A servile race by folly cursed,

Who truckle most when treated worst."

—Yours, &c.,

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

April 15th, 1914.

Poetry.

A VISION IN A TEA-SHOP.

His hair lit up the tea-shop like a fire—

The naked flame of youth made manifest—

Young hunger's unappeasable desire,

Devouring cakes and cream with eager zest:

While, cheek by jowl, an old man, bald and blind,

And peaked and withered as a waning moon,

With toothless, mumbling gums, and wandering mind,

Supped barley-water from a tremulous spoon.

I turned a moment, and the man was gone:

And as I looked upon the red-haired boy,

About him in a blinding glory shone

The sons of morning, singing together for joy.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Adonis, Attis, Osiris: Studies in the History of Oriental Religion." Third Edition. By J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 20s. net.)
- "American and English Studies." By Whitelaw Reid. (Smith, Elder. 2 vols. 15s. net.)
- "Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco." By Edward Westermarck. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "Science and Method." By Henri Poincaré. (Nelson. 2s. net.)
- "The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy." By G. V. Boyer. (Routledge. 6s.)
- "The Truth About Ulster." By Frankfort Moore. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Foundations of Character." By Alexander F. Shand. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)
- "Life in an Indian Outpost." By Major Gordon Casserly. (Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd: A Drama in Three Acts." By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." By Robert Tressall. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
- "La Folie Franco-Allemande." Par Georges Aubert. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)
- "Les Amis Célèbres de la Fable et de l'Histoire." Par E. Montier. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "L'Aile Blessée." Roman. Par Jean de la Brète. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "Der Versunkene Stern." Roman. Von Heinrich Lilienfein. (Stuttgart: Cotta. M. 3.)

"THE most accomplished man who ever shared Scott's confidence" is Lockhart's description of J. B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby, and the series of letters between him and Scott, as well as the reminiscences with which he furnished Lockhart, are one of the pleasantest features in the famous biography. Readers will accordingly be glad to hear that Mr. Murray has in the press a volume called "The Letters of John B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby (1794-1796)." These letters describe an adventurous journey which Morritt made to Constantinople during which he was able to observe the progress of the French Revolutionary armies and of the Polish Insurrection. They also give an account of the Court of Naples in Lady Hamilton's days.

MR. MURRAY also announces "The Autobiography of S. S. McClure," the founder of "McClure's Magazine" and the original of Pinkerton in Stevenson's "The Wreckers." Mr. McClure's career has been full of adventures, and his story of the rise to success of a penniless emigrant boy throws many sidelights on American publishing and the literary world of the United States. An interesting section of the book will be the author's account of his meetings and talks with Stevenson, Meredith, Henley, Mr. Kipling, and other men of letters of distinction.

ANOTHER book which the same publisher has in preparation is a biography by Miss Estelle Ward of George Monck, the second Duke of Albemarle, and the only son of the Parliamentary General. George Monck's extravagance made him a notable figure in the reign of Charles II. He took an active share in the operations against Monmouth, and became Chancellor of Cambridge University and Governor of Jamaica. Miss Ward's book is based on unpublished papers at Welbeck Abbey, Hornby Castle, Montagu House, and other collections.

SOME thirty years ago Mr. G. C. Macaulay published the first systematic attempt to separate the work of Beaumont from that of Fletcher on broad grounds of criticism. The same task has been again undertaken by Professor Gayley, of California University, in a book entitled "Francis Beaumont, Dramatist: A Portrait, with some Account of His Circle, Elizabethan and Jacobean," to be published next month by Messrs. Duckworth. Like Mr. Macaulay, Professor Gayley comes to the conclusion that much injustice has been done to Beaumont by the common tendency to think of him and his collaborator as a kind of composite one. His method of proof is based on a careful examination of the folio and quarto editions of the plays.

MISS MABEL BRAILSFORD's book on the early Quaker women, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Duckworth, deals with an aspect both of the feminist movement and of the struggle for religious liberty about which very little has been written. The Quakers, as Miss Dorothy Richardson claims in a little book on "Quakerism" issued a few weeks ago by Messrs. Constable, were the first Christian body who admitted by their practice as well as in their teaching that women were the equals of men. Women have certainly played a great part in the history of Quakerism, and in such figures as Margaret Fell, the daughter of James II., and the other Quaker heroines, Miss Brailsford has found a most attractive subject.

It is not surprising to hear that not the least notable part of Mr. Bernard Shaw's coming volume of plays will be its prefaces. In addition to "Misalliance," "Fanny's First Play," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," it will contain two prefaces. The first, "On Parents and Children," is a treatise setting forth Mr. Shaw's views on family life, and supplementing the theories expounded in his former prefaces "On Poverty" and "On Marriage." The preface to "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" gives a sketch of Thomas Tyler, who first identified the Dark Lady with Mary Fitton; and it also touches on the Baconian theory, Mr. Frank Harris, and other topics. Messrs. Constable, who are to issue the book, have in the press a second volume, which will contain "Androcles and the Lion," "Pygmalion," and "Great Catherine."

MR. THORSTEIN VEBLEN, an American writer whose "Theory of the Leisure Class" won a good deal of attention from students of economics and sociology, has just finished a new book, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan. Its title is "The Instinct of Workmanship," and in it Mr. Veblen discusses the effect on man's instinct for workmanship caused by the universal use of machinery.

A VOLUME of Bret Harte's uncollected writings has been compiled by Mr. C. M. Kozlay, and will be shortly ready for publication. It includes stories, essays, and poems taken from magazine and newspaper sources.

PROFESSOR W. J. ASHLEY's "The Economic Organization of England" will be one of the early books to come from Messrs. Longman. It consists of a course of lectures which Professor Ashley gave at the invitation of the Hamburg Colonial Institute, and contains a survey of the economic development of this country, with special reference to the problems of organization, both agrarian and industrial.

A BOOK on "Correct Dress" bearing on its title-page the name of Jean Worth ought to be sure of attention. It is less concerned with current modes than with the permanent principles of good taste in dress. Messrs. Harper will publish it within the next few days.

A FRESH attempt to solve the problem of "Edwin Drood" will be published shortly by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley. Like some of its predecessors, it takes the form of a continuation of Dickens's novel, and its author, who has chosen to be known by the initials "W. E. C.," is said to have hit upon a surprisingly new *dénouement*.

THE Cambridge University Press have in preparation another library which is to be called "The Cambridge Naval and Military Series" and will be under the joint editorship of Mr. Julian Corbett and Mr. H. J. Edwards. The first volume to appear will be "Ocean Transport and Shipping" by Mr. Douglas Owen.

DR. C. W. SALEEBY's "The Progress of Eugenics," to be published this month by Messrs. Cassell, gives a history of the Eugenic movement during the past five years. Dr. Saleeby emphasizes the manner in which Mendelism has modified former views of heredity, and he also lays stress on the changing attitude of public bodies towards the whole question of Eugenics.

Reviews.

METAPHYSICS AND RELIGION.

"Essays on Truth and Reality." By F. H. BRADLEY.
(The Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Bradley gave us, in "Appearance and Reality," at once the boldest and the most comprehensive metaphysical essay in the English language. The interval has seen the dashing raid of the Pragmatists upon the fastnesses of academic philosophy, and the popular vogue of Bergson. Irrationalism has become a fashion, and it has been fortunate in commanding the pens of several exponents who were literary artists. We have even seen in England a momentary outbreak of a species of futurism in metaphysics, under the leadership of Dr. Schiller, a movement as pretentious, as ill-mannered, and as transitory as its counterpart in art. It has been a time of ferment and activity, but one does not undervalue its suggestive and critical contribution if one says that it has produced no monument of systematic thinking to compare with Mr. Bradley's. One turns to a new book from his hand with lively expectations, only to realize, as one reads it, that he or we or all of us have changed in the long interval. What seemed to youth, some twenty years ago, a dazzling and aggressive revelation, which captured the imagination as much by the brilliance and assurance of its literary style as by the courage and depth of its thought, has been tested by experience and matured by the modesty which comes to all of us with years. We think we note in Mr. Bradley himself some softening under the touch of time. There are fewer epigrams; there is less polemical acerbity; there is a wider range of questions, to which his answer is cautious or doubtful. He has not changed or even seriously modified his doctrine, and yet there seems to be some alteration in emphasis, which gives to his teaching a somewhat different effect. The new book is somewhat disappointing, not in the least because it suggests any decay in power, but because it is so largely occupied with criticism and controversy. His handling of the Pragmatists is as masterly, as trenchant, and at moments as brutal as his early polemics against the Associationist school. It is probably in effect as final and as deadly. But some of the issues to which he devotes notes or chapters in this book are far from being fundamental or of the first importance for speculation. One reads this collection of essays with a wish that there had been less in it of what is, after all, ephemeral controversy, and more in it of Mr. Bradley himself. The patient reader has his reward, however, in the final chapters, where the author draws from his own stores with little reference to other thinkers, and restates, with some amplification, and, to our thinking, with a noticeable difference of accent, the views on God, the Absolute, and Immortality which he first developed in "Appearance and Reality."

The student of Mr. Bradley's earlier works will detect no change in his characteristic metaphysical doctrine. He applies the same formidable dialectic to our notions of change and relation. He leaves the working conceptions of science and common-sense riddled with contradiction, and vitiated by abstraction. He adheres to his central doctrine of degrees in reality, and restores the things which he has shattered to their place as appearances which somehow qualify the Absolute. Everything is justified in its own sphere and degree, and regains reality on condition of submitting to a cosmic justice which gives to it rank and service as an aspect of the whole. There is the same unrelenting warfare against schools of thought which have singled out some aspect of experience as primary and sovereign, and the same loyalism, the same almost religious zeal in defence of the rights of a comprehensive Absolute. Truth is regarded steadily as system, with its two complementary tests of comprehensiveness and consistency. Goodness, in every sense in which the word means valuation, is taken to imply satisfaction, the fact of contentment, and the absence or suppression of unrest. It is, on the one hand, the entire reality which alone matters, or can give final satisfaction. But every single thing, on the other hand, matters, and is real in its own place and degree in so far as it carries out

and contains more or less of the character of the concrete whole. That is the doctrine of "Appearance and Reality," and it is the doctrine of these "Essays." But the emphasis, none the less, seems to us to have changed. It is thrown less heavily on the idea of system and with more insistence on the diversity of experience, and the independent rights of each aspect of the whole. Such passages as the following may be found in the earlier books, but what was no more than a caution or an admission has now become a dominant and central thought:—

"Every aspect of life has goodness and realizes the Good, and . . . no one aspect of goodness by itself, and . . . none is supreme. The various sides of our nature appear to be connected, and more or less this connection everywhere shows itself. And hence the main aspects of our being must be allowed, each for itself, to have a relative independence. . . . Every aspect within its own realm is in a certain sense supreme, and is justified in resisting dictation from without."

What results from this doctrine is a recognition of the independence of the theoretic, the æsthetic, and the religious consciousness, each in its own sphere. Religion may not dictate to philosophy, but equally philosophy may not invade religion. This independence is pushed so far that religion is even justified in cherishing ideas in which philosophy has detected a fatal contradiction.

There are, of course, degrees of truth, as there are degrees of reality, and science continues to work contentedly with categories which metaphysics has sapped by criticism. But a scientist who is something more than a mere specialist is aware that his tools are faulty, and he avails himself of the aid of metaphysics when he comes to deal with the basic assumptions of his own province of knowledge. It is to be otherwise, if we understand Mr. Bradley, with religion. He puts forward (on p. 132) a doctrine which seems almost to outdistance the Pragmatists:—

"There is in the end no truth for us save that of working ideas. Whatever idea is wanted to satisfy a genuine human need is true, and truth in the end has no other meaning. Our sense of value, and in the end for every man his own sense of value, is ultimate and final. And, since there is no Court of Appeal, it is idle even to inquire if this sense is fallible. It is this which in the end decides as to human interests, and whatever ideas are needed to serve those interests are true, however much these ideas are in contradiction with one another, or even with themselves. . . . There is here no mutilation of human nature, since every side of life, practical, æsthetic, and intellectual, is allowed its full value. We are emancipated once for all from the narrowness of all one-sided attempts at consistency."

One feels at first about this passage that Mr. Bradley has said in it rather more than he intended. But the doctrine recurs, and it is developed and applied. It flows from his earlier insistence on the independence of the various sides of our nature, and it results in a charter to the religious consciousness to emancipate itself from the fear of self-contradiction. Within his province of metaphysics there is no one more trenchant and fearless than Mr. Bradley. He utterly refuses to call his Absolute God or to endow it with personality. It is the only existence which is fully real in its own right, and all else is appearance or the partially real. There cannot be a relation between this Absolute and finite Wills, for relativity is the mark of the finite, and relation subsists only between finite terms. To worship this Absolute is therefore to transform it, and to make it an object of religion is to regard it as something less than the Universe. This is a clear and honest doctrine, but Mr. Bradley hastens to confine it to the sphere of metaphysics. This is the truth for the purely theoretic consciousness. The practical consciousness, or in one word, religion, has other truths which are no less true. Religion may, if it pleases, avoid the difficulty by worshipping a God who is imperfect and finite, a God who enters into our concerns, "takes sides," and leads creation in a struggle in which we have no assurance of final victory. We may "follow our leader" blindly to what may be a final and overwhelming defeat. Religion, if it elects this alternative, may attain heroism, but it will not know "the peace of God." The other alternative open to religion is boldly to disavow consistency, to leave to metaphysics the search for ultimate consistency in truth, and to worship a perfect and infinite God who may none the less enter into direct rela-

tion with the human spirit. It may, if it feels the necessity, insist that this God is a person, and metaphysics will allow that such a God, if not real as the Absolute alone is real, is at least more real than we are ourselves.

The philosophers of the eighteenth century expelled religion from the minds of the enlightened, but allowed it as a salutary delusion for the vulgar. That is not at all Mr. Bradley's position. He allows the simultaneous presence in the same mind of the two forms of consciousness. In our theoretical moments we are to know that the one reality is not God, and that the God of our devotions is something less than the fully real. In our hours of worship, on the other hand, we are to forget the lesson of metaphysics, and, secure in our closet of edification, to worship as a Person that which, just as far as it is wholly real and wholly perfect, cannot be personal. To allow inconsistency to religion is indeed no new doctrine. The right to inconsistency is what theologians have always claimed when they reached what they described as a mystery. We question, however, whether this separation of the two consciousnesses can be maintained from the moment that religion ceases to be an emotional state and begins to reason about the object of its devotions. In effect, though this is not what Mr. Bradley intends or teaches, his doctrine must result in something very like the eighteenth-century attitude. Philosophy retains its esoteric belief in an impersonal Absolute. Religion continues to worship a personal God. They may refrain from meddling with one another, but they will not both survive in the same brain. Whether in the end the choice is fatal to religion or to philosophy will depend on temperament and the fashion of the hour. But to our thinking, Mr. Bradley has reached in his handling a religion that is dangerously like a confession of the bankruptcy of philosophy. The root of the difficulty is for us in his puzzling and startling statement of the doctrine that whatever ideas are needed to serve a human interest are *ipso facto* true, and, further, that every man for himself is the judge of what ideas are needed. Not only is man the measure, but every man for himself is the measure. Assuredly, whatever ideas are needed to render experience possible are true and necessary. But to extend this Kantian axiom to every aspect of experience which has set itself up, perhaps arbitrarily, as a separate "consciousness" is to stretch it beyond its necessary application, while to apply it to the emotional needs of every individual is to create anarchy in thought, and ultimately to make all speculation a subjective whim. This doctrine may lie in germ in Mr. Bradley's earlier writing, but it was never so frankly stated, and the effect of its statement in this form is, to our thinking, to confuse its whole tenor, and to reduce metaphysics to the level of a limited technical study.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.

"Customary Acres and their Historical Importance." By FREDERIC SEEBOHM. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Hugh Seebohm, it was my good fortune to take away on a voyage to India the advance sheets of his father's work on European measures. During many an hour on the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, I have been perusing, in printed form, statements and arguments to which I had listened in the library at Hitchin. The introductory chapter was dated January, 1912, and in the beginning of February of that year Frederic Seebohm was "ploughing his headlands" like the Breton peasant "nearing his end with labored breath." A beautiful end for a searcher after truth, symbolizing the eternal striving towards the light—an end vouchsafed only to the best and purest among us. Another great searcher, Leopold von Ranke, had, on a similar occasion, written in his last volume: "Inter tormenta scripsi."

The book composed under these circumstances naturally is not a finished and clear array of arguments. It is more in the nature of materials for a final study, interspersed with certain leading ideas. In spite of shortcomings in regard to that literary co-ordination and transparent style which formed such a great attraction of Seebohm's earlier volumes, this posthumous publication on measures will

repay careful readers by a flood of suggestive generalizations and flashlights of vivid insight. The power of concrete and direct presentation from which Seebohm derived his originality of treatment may be illustrated by one or two examples from these sheets:—

"You have only to climb the tower of Chartres Cathedral, and to look across the vast open fields of the rich country all round, and then to call at the *mairie* and see the map of the commune and spend a franc in buying a copy of the 'usages locaux' of the district . . . to receive an impression never to be forgotten." (page 144.)

Or take the description of a visit to Penmarch in 1887:—

"Leaving the rail in Quimper, I made a point of visiting the wildest country within reach, viz., the peninsula of Penmarch, on the south-west coast of the Department of Finistère . . . Taking an intelligent Breton as a guide and walking over the open fields, the most obvious fact noticed was that the arable plain was generally ploughed up into long, narrow, 'high-backed lands.' One noticed also in some cases the double curve of the strips, the reverse of the letter S, so common as a result of open field ploughing. These high-backed lands are very narrow and piled up in the ploughing almost like the mound of a grave. They were hardly broader than one long step. They were known in Breton by the same word, *erw*, as in Cornwall and Wales, and also as 'sillons.' And several of them in combination form the *journal* or *arpent*."

The object of Seebohm's inquiry was to trace the ancient substratum of agricultural custom which underlies the agrarian conditions of Western Europe, and which has held its ground, with slight changes on the surface, in spite of repeated conquests—Celtic, Roman, and Teutonic. The volume in preparation had to range itself in line with former works—with the manorial study of the English village community and the investigations of tribal law and custom ("The Tribal System in Wales: Tribal Custom in Anglo-Saxon Law"). In the riper stage of his researches into agrarian antiquities, Seebohm had come to realize that the clue to the intricacies of the open-field system of Europe lay in tribal communalism, although he thought that it was through outside pressure, in the shape of some kind of lordship, that the tribal community of the *gwelys* was recast in the form of a village community—a view to which I would still offer some opposition—but which lies a whole world apart from the superficial *aperçus* of some of Seebohm's would-be followers who have wisely spared themselves the labor of studying first-hand materials.

The point at which former researches and the studies of the present volume converge is represented by the remarkable fact that the customary measures of England and of ancient France have to be reduced to certain common elements which obtain equally on both sides of the Channel in the areas of the corn-growing districts, and which stand in various relations to the itinerary measure of the Gallic *lenga* of 1,500 paces. Old perambulations and surveys like those made by Harrison and Leland in the sixteenth, and by Ogilby in the seventeenth, century show conclusively that the inhabitants of England continued to use the *lenga* instead of the English statutory mile, based on the reckoning of 1,000 paces, and there are still milestones in Yorkshire which mark distances in conformity with the *lenga* standard.

This observation has to be expanded in two directions. To begin with, the connection between measures is by no means confined to the countries adjoining the English Channel, but stretches into Ireland, on the one hand, and into Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Austria, Roumania, Italy on the other. Secondly, this connection exists, not only between itinerary measures, but also between their agrarian counterparts. The acres, *erws*, *sillons* of the corn-growing districts of Northern and Eastern Europe reveal, in a number of cases, remarkable coincidences which lead up from the open fields of England to the Valley of the Po and the mouth of the Danube. Starting from a description of the rod used by the driver of a big eight-oxen plough in Wales, Seebohm reviews the various transformations of the acres based on the long furrow of ten units of length to one of breadth, exemplified by the English acre of four rods by forty. It would be impossible here to follow all his calculations in this field. They are intricate, and perhaps not always justified by a close examination of the evidence. But, however much may have to be surrendered in the sifting

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process of criticism, enough will remain to substantiate Seebohm's main contentions as to the wanderings of agrarian measures across Europe in connection with open-field ploughing. Some of the most curious results are obtained by help of the observation that many varieties were produced by the splitting of acres into half-acres. Such subdivisions may be effected in two ways—by simply cutting the area into two slices and assigning, say, two roods to the full acre to one half and the remaining two roods to the other. This is easy; but such a process destroys the fundamental tendency to build up the areal measure on the principle of ten units of length to one of breadth—a principle deeply rooted in the practice of ploughing in long furrows. It can be kept up, however, if the division into half-acres is carried out by means of a mathematical reduction; the formula of the latter would be provided by the fact that the half of a square can be built up by using as its side the diagonal of the larger area; and this is a method of division which is found to be constantly used in practice.

In order to realize the character and significance of these researches, let us turn to one or two concrete points. The English statute acre, with a furrow of 201 m. in length, finds its direct counterpart in the customary acre of Normandy; and, on the other hand, "the Normandy verge of 7·15 m. is almost exactly 1·5 of the Roman *actus*, and 1·10 of the long side of the two squares of the *jugerum*—viz., 71·1 m. It is of slightly higher standard. The result follows that the square of the British furrow of 201 m. (1·8 of the half-diagonal of the square *lenga*) would contain 16 Greek *aroura*, or 36 Greek *plethra* in their proper shapes as squares, whilst the square of the furrow of the English half-acre, in the form of 1 to 10—viz., 142·143 m.—would contain, without change of form, 4 Roman *sortes* or 8 *jugera*, but of slightly higher standard" (p. 133). On the other hand, the Cornish customary acre finds its direct correspondence in the Breton *arpent*, and is further connected with the Greek *medimnos* and the Egyptian *Khet* (p. 133: cf. p. 98); while the customary acre of Dorset embodies in its furrow the exact length of the stade (185 m.). It is widely spread through France, "sometimes in its natural form as a 1 by 10 acre, at other times in the form of 1 by 5, i.e., two half-acres of 1 by 10—with a furrow of 131 m.—and more rarely in the form of a square" (p. 136).

I cannot here follow Seebohm's technical calculations in detail; but it must be pointed out that they tend to the general conclusion that the soil of the corn-growing districts of Northern and Eastern Europe was measured and cultivated according to standards derived from the East through the medium of Greek colonization. At both ends of this vast region—in the British Isles and in the valleys of the Po and Lower Danube—measurements coincide in a manner which cannot have been the result of pure chance, and the roads from one terminus to the others are traceable through France, Germany, and Austria by the help of recurring and surprising analogies. The Tyrolean *Janch* repeats the measurements of the English statute acre, while the Bavarian *Antzing* (*andecena*) appears as a link between the Rumanian *faltasee* and the *Campo di Valvasone* in the Po Valley, on the one hand, and the British customary acre with furrow of 329 m. on the other (pp. 148-152).

Seebohm does not attribute these coincidences to technical importation by the trade routes, but ascribes them to the prevalence in the corn-growing districts of Europe of an ancient substratum of tribal culture, progressing gradually from pastoral to agricultural customs, and exploited by means of tribute by the representatives of higher civilizations, primarily by Greeks and Phœnicians, later on by Romans. All these ruling nations in their turn had learned to measure and construct their fields from the Eastern Powers. That is why the Egyptian *Khet* asserts itself on British soil, and the marching measure of the Persians, the *parasang*, is connected with the Gallic *lenga* and its agrarian offshoots.

In conclusion, it may be said again that the wealth of data laboriously brought together by Seebohm has not received the finishing touches of co-ordination and closely linked argument. Some of the most important factors of the problem, such as those relating to the quantity of seed appropriate to different areas and soils, or the number of days' work needed for their cultivation, are hardly touched.

Besides, as Mr. Hugh Seebohm rightly says in his prefatory note, the inquiry was diverted into a new channel from the originally intended investigation of the communal *shell* of ancient agrarian custom. Nevertheless, the work achieved by Frederic Seebohm in his closing years will repay a most careful study by all those who are not deterred by technical difficulties; it is not only a vast collection of facts, but it presents in every chapter illuminating observations and original ideas.

PAUL VINOGRADOFF.

THE VICTORIAN ARTIST.

"Reminiscences of My Life." By HENRY HOLIDAY. (Heinemann. 16s. net.)

HERE we have a picture of a singularly happy and peaceful life, pursuing an almost unbroken tenor, like a river whose course is never interrupted by a waterfall, never by a rapid even. As for cataracts, such things do not occur in our favored land; did not occur, at all events, in the Victorian Age, that seems so quiet now. Mr. Holiday's long and well-occupied life has been spent in various kinds of artistic production—pictures representing historic or allegorical scenes, designs for stained glass windows and the decoration of public buildings, book illustration, and even sculpture. In all of these arts he has reached a personal distinction, for no one fails to recognize at the first glance the work that is his own. His windows are seen in churches and institutions up and down the country. His illustrations to "The Hunting of the Snark" are still well known. And one of his representative scenes, the Dante and Beatrice meeting beside the Arno, is still one of the most popular pictures of its age—an age that so successfully appealed to popular judgment.

And yet, to the present generation, the interest of these reminiscences does not lie in art. Among the younger artists, the kind of art on which Mr. Holiday's reputation rests is hardly a tradition now, unless one may catch memories of it sometimes in the Royal Academy, or on the designs for Socialistic placards. The vital movements of to-day are running in violent reaction against all that Mr. Holiday and his contemporaries most revered. Mr. Holiday denounces one of those movements as "a revelation of incompetence, ignorance, and blindness," and another as "brainless hooliganism that does not call for criticism." We cannot wonder at his irritation. It is a trying time for any artist when he sees the rebellion against himself and his old comrades raging in full activity. But art cannot stop. The moment it rests and repeats itself, or imitates the past, it dies. And Mr. Holiday himself has known this, for it is to his honor that he has never aped the medieval, as so many of his friends and associates were beguiled into doing, either by religious sentiment or genuine admiration for the obsolete in contrast with modern vulgarity.

The real interest of the book is historic. It presents to us the life of artistic, musical, intellectual, and reforming circles, almost from one end of the Victorian Age to the other. It was an equable and happy life, very serious, usually virtuous, or eschewing the existence of vice, deeply interested in good literature and all cognate forms of thought, eagerly patronizing every possible means of beautiful revelation, and just a little self-complacent in its intellectual enjoyment and superior culture. In every side of the intellectual and social movements of that age, Mr. Holiday took a sympathetic, and sometimes a personal, part. In all the dividing controversies of his time, he has been found in the right camp. He was a strong Home Ruler nearly forty years ago. He was early attracted to the Socialistic movement as conceived in the 'eighties and illustrated by William Morris and Mr. Walter Crane, with whose work he has so much in common. He denounced the injustice of the South African War, and he held suffrage meetings in his house long before woman suffrage became a burning question. Nearly everyone of importance in progress and intellect, from Mr. Gladstone and Herbert Spencer up to the time of Mrs. Pankhurst, has been personally known to him, and of nearly all he has something of interest to narrate. The book is a personal record of a great and changeable seventy years.

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A few extracts will show where the interest lies; in 1864 Mr. Holiday was painting two panels for a church in Notting Hill; Burne-Jones came to see him, and the vicar, who was constantly running in, asked to be introduced:—

"I believe you are a water-colorist, Mr. Burne-Jones.—'I'm an everythingist.' After recovering from this little snub—'We are going to fill this large East window with stained glass before long.'—Then you must take care what you do, or you'll ruin Mr. Holiday's work.'—Oh, the design has been submitted to Mr. Frith and Mr. Dobson, who have pronounced it perfect, with two exceptions.' We agreed afterwards that the two exceptions were probably design and color, but we were both much amused at the ineptness of citing the painter of the 'Derby Day' to Burne-Jones as an authority on stained glass."

Herbert Spencer's habit of experimenting on his own psychology or physiology is well known. The present reviewer remembers hearing from one who was present how, after a rather dangerous little shipwreck on the West Coast of Scotland, the philosopher settled down on the rocks and began writing at once, to see if peril had diminished his power of thought, and found that some nerve-centre in his neck was considerably augmented. Here is a similar story of philosophic industry:—

"I remember Herbert Spencer describing to me a long drive in a cab, during which he kept his eyes shut, in order to try if he could guess his route by his sensations."

Speaking of a visit to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Holiday tells of Ruskin's well-known stay at Hawarden, and the ironic humor with which he puzzled his host. Canon Scott Holland, who was present, once gave an account of it to the present reviewer, and Mr. Gladstone seems to have been fond of recalling it himself. He told Mr. Holiday that he was speaking to Ruskin about the Quakers—how feeble was their theology and how great their social influence:—

"As theologians" (said Gladstone), "they have merely insisted on one or two points of Christian doctrine; but what good work they have achieved socially! Why, they have reformed prisons, they have abolished slavery, and denounced war." To which Ruskin answered, "I am really sorry, but I'm afraid I don't think prisons ought to be reformed, I don't think slavery ought to have been abolished, and I don't think war ought to be denounced."

Another reminiscence has more immediate interest, for it concerns the treatment of woman suffrage by the Irish Parliamentarians. In May, 1911, Mrs. Pankhurst told Mr. Holiday she had information that the Irish members were receiving orders to vote against woman suffrage when it came up:—

"It sounded incredible, but my guest assured me that her information was reliable, and, knowing that John Redmond and myself were friends, she asked me to write to him and ask if it were true, and to appeal to him for a more generous treatment of those who had done so much for his cause. I wrote a letter at once, which Mrs. Pankhurst approved. Mr. John Redmond's answer was a confirmation of the rumor, with a flat refusal to make any concession, and without any expression of regret."

No wonder that many suffragists have learnt to cry, "Put not your trust in politicians nor in any son of man!"

The book is long; it is overloaded with much insignificant detail. Something, one feels, is wanting. "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass," sang Goethe: "Who never ate his bread with tears, who never sat weeping upon his bed throughout the long nights of misery, he knows you not, O heavenly powers!" It is, perhaps, the absence of those heavenly powers that we feel. Perhaps, throughout the Victorian Age we feel their absence. Or it may be only that memory has obliterated their benign and terrible forms, for memory wipes out fear and dark uncertainty from her tablets. But of a happy Victorian artist's life, cultured, industrious, and unperturbed, here is as typical a picture as we know.

THE CHARACTER OF MONMOUTH.

"On the Left of a Throne: A Personal Study of James, Duke of Monmouth." By Mrs. EVAN NEPEAN. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS monograph on James, Duke of Monmouth, is written with so much enthusiasm, and from such a wide and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, that one is compelled to a kind of admiration of the work in spite of certain irritating peculiarities of style in the writing. Mrs. Nepean complains,

and with some justice, that her hero has had unfair treatment at the hands of historians and romancists alike. It is part of the tragedy of such a career that it is judged by the final accident of success or failure. What we remember about Monmouth before reading this personal study may be briefly enough summarized. He was the bastard of a king; he was notoriously weak and licentious, even in an age of licence; he became the catspaw of unscrupulous conspirators and paid the penalty of their failure. Finally, he lost his nerve and his courage, and tried to win pardon from King James by abject submission. In spite of his charm, the picture remains unpleasant as well as tragic.

It must be conceded at once that Mrs. Nepean has swept away the old record and has substituted another that is much more sympathetic. She does not tamper with history; she does not attempt to deny either the early wildness or the pitiful failure of courage at the end; but she shows that there was another side to the character, and she traces delicately and carefully the effects of early training and surroundings. What child of fourteen, finding himself already married to a wife younger than himself, to whom he was indifferent, courted and spoilt by a crowd of lively women, would not have followed on the same path as this one? It is interesting to realize that after the boy was established near his person, the King never treated him as illegitimate. The question as to whether there ever was a marriage between Charles and Lucy Walter is left in some doubt, but even if there had been such a marriage it could hardly have been legal to the extent of making Monmouth the legitimate heir to the throne. Still, there was always a considerable body of opinion that favored the idea of a marriage, and Mrs. Nepean quotes a significant piece of gossip on page 12, the report of a conversation between the late Sir Bernard Burke and the Duke of Abercorn, concerning the finding of the marriage certificate in the Monument Room at Dalkeith, and the subsequent burning of it! It is hard to credit such a story, as surely no responsible person would take upon himself to destroy a document of such extraordinary historic interest and value, or if he did so, to speak of the matter afterwards. But the persistent vitality of the legend is in itself some excuse for Monmouth's claims.

The most intimate and interesting part of this memoir is that devoted to Monmouth's pocket-book, the little brown leather volume which was taken from him on his arrest, and which now lies in the British Museum. The love-verses, with their one-finger settings, the useful recipes for cleaning silver and water-proofing leather, with their touching suggestion of homely thought; above all, the beautiful and simple prayers which cover so many pages, give a new insight into the heart of the man and leave an unexpectedly sympathetic impression. Monmouth has never been credited with real piety, and the fact that he did not receive the Sacrament before his execution, and so died an "impenitent sinner," has been accepted in some quarters as conclusive evidence. On this point the volume under review may fairly be said to have made a valuable contribution to history. The writer shows that Monmouth's love for Henrietta Wentworth was the one great passion of his life, that he regarded her as his wife in a sense that the child of twelve he was legally bound to in his own childhood never became, and that it was his steadfast loyalty to her at the end that prevented him from making any acknowledgment that he had been living with her in a state of sin. The long extract from the Buccleuch MS. gives his confession of faith, of which this attitude towards his love is an integral part. "When he was married to the Dutches of Monmouth he was verie young . . . he had not that perfect love and affectione for her that . . . she deserved . . . which was the occasion of his goeing so frequently astray from her. Ladie Henrietta Wentworth was the persone in the world that cured him . . . they had consulted God by prayer and fasting about it, and was satisfied in their consciences of the innocencie and sinceritie of the intentione . . . and giving noe better reasons . . . than what is her sett doune, he went on to the great amazement of those learned and pious divynes."

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Nor fear the great ones' frowns,
No slavery of State.
From plots this place is free.
We'll sit and bless our stars,
That from the noise of wars,
Did this glorious place give,
That thus we happy live."

Mrs. Nepean would do well to avoid the use of the first person plural in her work. It is not suited to her somewhat exuberant style. The sentimental memoir with its notes of exclamation, its underlinings, its asterisks, is such a very personal affair that it is quite incongruous with the convention of an impartial committee. And that is what the editorial "we" is intended to convey. It is a nice point of style so to write that the reader is not consciously aware what person is used; it is no doubt a counsel of perfection for the biographer. But, short of perfection, it is possible to avoid scattering personal pronouns too freely over the page.

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"The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator." By J. P. OLIVEIRA MARTINS. Translated, with Additions and Annotations, by JAS. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM and WM. EDWARD REYNOLDS. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

In the Iberian peninsula, the translators inform us, this work of the late Oliveira Martins

"is now a classic. It has been drawn upon freely by foreign writers in the compilation of histories of discovery and colonization. But up to the present it has never before been presented to the English public."

Readers of Major's "Life of Prince Henry of Portugal," which appeared first in 1868, and of Beazley's treatise on the famous navigator, the date of which we cannot at the moment recall, will need to reconsider views and judgments that may now be described as classical; for Martins's standpoint is essentially that of a modern, and that, moreover, of a Liberal or Republican historian, absolutely versed in his theme, who has a manifest distaste for hero-worship. To Oliveira Martins, glancing learnedly over his country's past, it was plain that colonization had brought no real blessing to the Portuguese. To him the colonies of Portugal were "the main cause of the poverty and decadence of his country, a continual drain upon the nation's life-blood, an incubus, the removal of which would at once bring new life, new hope, new prosperity to the land that he loved so dearly."

Still, if he sums up with severity on the practical issue of the daring and splendid but somewhat avaricious visions of Prince Henry, we may easily understand why Martins's work takes rank thus early as a classic under Iberian skies. To begin with, it is the deepest and most thorough that the subject has produced. It is a book that southern readers, knowing anything at all of its wide and weighty theme, were almost bound to accept as a message of truth. It is a book that carries a good deal of conviction on its every page. For to Oliveira Martins the facile method of compilers was detestable, and the thing that he imagined as a fact was no fact till he had got to bed-rock about it. All his facts here presented

"have been carefully verified; and often the very words of the original documents have been interwoven in the text; for the aim of the author has been to attempt, as it were, a resurrection, striving to make his readers see events, not with their own sophisticated modern eyes, but as they appeared to the men and women of the time in which they were happening."

The "time in which they were happening" will give us a second reason; and, though sundry others could be brought

together, a first and second may suffice. As for the second, then, Portugal is justly proud in choosing to remember that in the wonderful move seawards the honor of priority is hers. On the face of the waters Portugal, in the modern world, is the first nation to adventure. It is with Portugal that the whole romance of the pioneer period begins. To-day we have a world ranged in enormous masses; but all these masses are now in contact, and not even a voyage to the Pole is any longer a voyage of discovery. In the day of Prince Henry of Portugal, the world, to the boldest minds that beheld it, was a little solid something ranging not visibly farther than the end of the kingdom, and terminating, possibly and probably, in a blend of slime, fog, and boiling waters in a conjectural region somewhere about the horizon. Prince Henry's assistants in his school of geography and navigation were the first few venturesome persons (timid as they were at the business) to have their eyes opened to a spot or two of the lands planted in ocean, and to persuade the people at home that the spots were real. This is the claim of Portugal to her share in the formation—or discovery—of the world we live in.

But Prince Henry himself, the legendary hero of the earliest stages of Portugal's advance, stands out in the judicial pages of Oliveira Martins a little shorn of his renown. He has a very proper place in history, and is a very proper example of the cold and quiet man of genius waiting for his chance; but he who "dragged the dark continent of Africa up from the bed of the ocean" is here depicted as a frigid, selfish man, "capable of combining equally cunning and violence" in the forwarding of his schemes, of which he was the blind instrument.

"In pursuit of his fixed objects in life, he did not scruple to descend to intrigue. To bring his schemes to a successful issue he was capable of any cruelty. . . . The greatness that has been accorded him by subsequent centuries was due, not so much of his own personality, as the happy accident that he lived at a time when great events were happening in the history of his country, and his was the spirit that voiced the dumb impulse towards expansion that possessed the soul of the nation. His enterprises chanced to be stable and fruitful. His grandiose ideas of a great new empire starting from the Peninsular, spreading through Morocco to all Africa, and from thence to the boundless limits of unknown continents, actually became realized. His countrymen, therefore, are indebted to him for a second Fatherland, and civilized Europe for one of its three or four fundamental conquests and discoveries. It is for these reasons that his memory has been handed down, almost as that of a legendary hero, in spite of the ignoble actions that marred his life, and the total lack of those finer qualities which distinguished the other sons of John I."

Praise somewhat warmer may be accorded, we think, to the personality of Prince Henry. After all, this was one of the real builders of the modern state; and when, through his patient scientific genius, Portugal took her station at the head of Europe "in making"—as Lord Acton said—"the ocean tributary to trade," it was truly he who had placed her there. He was the first to understand, and to make his countrymen understand, that (we again quote from one of Acton's pregnant lectures) "the ocean is not a limit, but the universal waterway that unites mankind"; and the great national work of exploration was far more his than the State's. From his eyrie in Sagres,

"he was ever looking with visionary eyes southward and ever southward, seeing the markets of the unknown world opening before him, travelling in his imagination along the coast of his dreams, voyaging in his mind to the uttermost limits of far Cathay."

Elsewhere, in a more enthusiastic mood, Oliveira Martins calls Prince Henry his country's Hercules; and it was undoubtedly owing to his creative mind that Portugal achieved two centuries of greatness.

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find it impossible to believe that those who really enjoy the graceful morsels ever had any hesitation about it. On the table spread to-day stand olives, pink sweetmeats, and ginger in syrup: choice is free. We, beckoning for the olives (otherwise "Garden Oats"), are less fortunate than our guests in that we are called upon to give a reason for our gesture. We give it, however, gladly. Our choice is the green things, not only because they more subtly flatter our palate, but because they are of a more pleasing shape, consistency, and hue, and are—this reason is a modish one—much better for us. . . . And now to turn from olives to Olive, the central figure in Mrs. Herbert's book, and Olive's various friends, relatives, and acquaintances. Her autobiographer must be very tired of hearing that she is witty, for this was said as persistently of Mrs. Herbert in connection with her first book as it has been said, and will be said, about her second. Well, let us get it over: she is witty, and nearly every page of "Garden Oats" displays it. We marked, as we read, those passages which, to our thinking, best "came off," and there are at least a dozen entries on our slip of paper. Perhaps our favorite was the description of Olive's nurse for her first baby: she never could hear the young parents laughing that she did not march in upon them "with a processional effect, pacing in, with baby for a banner, very slowly. . . . She always talked of 'my long flannels' and 'my feeders,' till Joe and I grew half hysterical." Most of us will recognize that nurse; and many other characterizations are as really funny and as really apt. But is there nothing else that we can say of Mrs. Herbert, for we sympathize with the weariness that she must be suffering at our and other reviewers' hands? There is much else, and, to our thinking, much better. For if she has a quick wit, she has as quick a heart, and a heart which, for all its warmth, is never a medium for sentimentality. She can laugh at her fellow-creatures and love them all the while—she can even be bored by them, yet still love them. The book is, in a word, radiant with humanity. Take the portrait—really a small masterpiece—of Olive's father. No absurdity is hidden, no pettiness even; he is revealed to us in all his poor absurdity. Yet the manner is all kindliness; we are even made aware of the charm in this obsolete charmer. The account of his method in teaching the alphabet is unforgettable; perhaps it is our real reason for liking Major Latimer to the end. So good indeed is all this kind of treatment that it made us, at times, regret the pretty wit; we enjoyed these passages, and others akin to them, in a far deeper sense than the sallies and quips and clever summings-up. In Oliver Wendell Holmes's delightful image, it was like taking the cat on our lap after holding a squirrel—for we are of those who deny the "cattishness" of cats. Mrs. Herbert's heart, in short, more than her wit, has subjugated this reviewer: do not the mellowness and rondure of the olive play at least as large a part in our appreciation as even its felicitous flavor?

There is always a run on the pink sweetmeats, and doubtless there will be a run on "Grannie for Granted." We never stop the bon-bon dish in its journey round the table, but we sometimes wish that we could want to; and here is the kind of story which raises a similar conflict of feeling in our breasts. We are conscious that we very well might like it, but somehow we do not. The confectioner has put in too much sugar for our taste, or put on too much pink. Ought grannies—ought anything or anybody—to be taken for granted? We strongly doubt it. Grannies not quite so "feather-beddy" seem to us more wholesome; a hard bump would be stimulating. We should admire to see this Grannie frown. Yet the children, who abound in the book, are quite naughty; the grown-ups are quite faulty: it is difficult to say where the over-sugaring or the over-coloring comes in. Come in it does, for all that. We longed for an olive, or an Olive; we waved on the dish impatiently; and the curious ultimate effect upon us was that we felt stubbornly convinced of all the faults of all Mrs. Wemyss's characters, and wholly unconvinced of their charms—the direct contrary of Mrs. Herbert's working on our imagination, and a very palpable hit for the astringent method.

With Miss Cynthia Stockley's novel, the ginger in syrup reached us. Every sentence drips with

syrup; the book could be wrung out. Were it so treated, the remaining fruit (is ginger a fruit?) would be as little in proportion as it is in the jars, which we always wonder if anyone has ever succeeded in really emptying. Valentine Valdana, the great woman-journalist (that great woman-journalist of the novels!), with her name, and her smoke-colored eyes, and her chain of fabulous painted pearls which she took for common beads; the girl Hadee; the boys Sacha and Rupert; the child Bran. . . . What's in a name? Something, when names are in our power. To give these is surely to give the measure of "The Dream-Ship." All is in keeping, manner included; there are moments when the dish seems to upset on the table, and cover all in its surrounding with that immitigable syrup which cannot be wiped away because it is so "rich."

Well, the ginger, like the sweetmeats, is a natural taste; no one talks of acquiring it, and neither is it assumed. There must be that queer something in the olive which we call prestige: as Paris was worth a Mass, so it is worth a lie. But there need be no lie about "Garden Oats": those who like it will like it very much indeed. And so with those who like "Grannie for Granted" and "The Dream-Ship."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"My Days of Adventure: The Fall of France, 1870-71."
By E. A. VIZETELLY. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. VIZETELLY's recollections make an interesting addition to the books dealing with the Franco-German War. He was a lad of seventeen, the son of a newspaper correspondent in Paris, on that famous occasion, and he gives us a first-hand account of the siege, the proclamation of the Republic, the operations of General Chanzy's army round Mans, and other incidents. We have a good many accounts of the Siege of Paris written from every possible point of view, but Mr. Vizetelly's description of the varying moods of the besieged residents is full of the touches which enable us to realize their life for ourselves. One of the most striking features of the whole business was the careless, unthinking manner with which it was long regarded by the Parisians. On the very day before the siege, a crowd of people went out to view the ramparts, as if on a public holiday, "chatting, laughing, examining this or that work of defence or engine of destruction in such a good-humored, light-hearted way that the whole *chemin de ronde* seemed to be a vast fair." Their later fury of suspicion was tragic enough—it very nearly cost both Sala and Labouchere their lives; but, as Mr. Vizetelly shows, it also gave rise to many amusing incidents. In his later chapters Mr. Vizetelly tells us of the wanton damage inflicted by the German invaders, and of the requisitions which they levied on some of the provincial towns. As written by an eye-witness of much that it relates, Mr. Vizetelly's book has a distinct historical value, while its clear and lively style will commend it to the general reader. Unlike many books of reminiscences, it has hardly a page that is either trivial or dull.

* * *

"Club Makers and Club Members." By T. H. S. ESCOTT.
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MR. ESCOTT is concerned more with club members than with the history of clubs, and his book is rather a budget of gossip and anecdote than an attempt to supply readers with a full account of the rise and development of clubs. It is true that he tells us something about the founding of some famous clubs, from Hoccleve's Court of Good Company to the Carlton, but he is most entertaining when he is most discursive. He wanders from ancient Greece and Rome—he pronounces Themistocles to be the first of clubmen—to Piccadilly and Pall Mall, amusing his readers by stray bits of gossip about the personalities who frequented the various institutions to which his glance is directed. He can tell us which clubs have the best cellars, and at which the cooking is trustworthy, and he gives glimpses of the political use that has been made of clubs, as well as the *bon-mots* that have been uttered within their walls. The authoritative history of clubs still remains to be written. Meanwhile Mr. Escott's book will entertain those readers who care to know something of their anecdotal and lighter sides.

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The Week in the City.

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THE Money Market is still blest with plentiful supplies, but the discount rate for three months' bills, and for longer rates, has risen considerably; for operators have been impressed by the large reduction in the reserve as compared with the figure at which it stood at the beginning of last month. The financial weakness in Paris is another reason for caution; but, on the other hand, gold is coming from Rio, and, after all, the reduction in the Bank of England reserve is mainly caused by the increase of home circulation. Happily, the state of trade is excellent, and Free Traders here may view with complacency the general complaints of commercial and financial depression which reach us from the continent of Europe, and from nearly all parts of North and South America. There is no speculation on the Stock Exchange, and markets have been rather stagnant. The startling news that President Wilson has sent an expeditionary force to Tampico, in order to enforce a salute of the American flag, caused some excitement on the Stock Exchange, but no great movement in prices; opinion being pretty evenly divided as to whether American intervention would accelerate or postpone the pacification of Mexico. The signing of the Turkish loan in Paris is not an event of importance, because it is merely the funding of the war debt, consisting of the Treasury bills and bonds floated for war purposes. Most of this debt seems to have been contracted with Creusot and the Paris bankers who are associated with that famous factory of arms and explosives. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Paris Bourse, that some of the money lent by these bankers to Turkey will now be taken over as investments by the French peasant; but, from the French peasant's point of view, it may be better that he should keep his napoleons in the proverbial stocking, or some still safer hiding place. With Paris still liquidating stocks, and with something very like a crisis in Brazil and Argentina, as well as in Mexico, the London Stock Exchange can hardly expect to enjoy a cheap money boom. Besides, the flood of new issues has been too great to allow gilt-edged stocks to shoot up again, as they did in January. No apprehensions have been expressed as yet about the Budget, but it is coming very near, and, in spite of the continuance of good trade and the record of an abounding revenue, those who ought to be in the know confidently predict several more turns in the screw of taxation.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC POSITION.

The news that a reduction of rates has been ordered on the Canadian Pacific has been followed by a sharp fall in

the price of the stock, though the announcement is viewed with divergent opinions. On the one hand, the bulls point to the enormous wealth of the company, its land assets, its huge margin of surplus earnings over dividend requirements, arguing that a small reduction in its gross receipts, caused by a lowering of tariffs, will not be noticeable. There are others, however, who look upon the incident as indicating only the first fruits of an agitation for lower railroad rates in Canada, which has been gathering strength for some time. The demand for lower rates comes chiefly from the farming interests of the West, who see the American roads just over the border charging somewhat lower freight rates than those in force on the Canadian side, and different prices for transport on two sides of an arbitrary international boundary certainly is opposed to economic theory. It must not be forgotten, however, that the Dominion Government is largely interested in the Grand Trunk and many Provincial Governments in the Canadian Northern, and rates cannot be reduced upon the Canadian Pacific without affecting those on the other roads. The Canadian Government is most anxious to encourage railway building in the Dominion, and it is most unlikely, therefore, that rates all round can be depressed sufficiently to make the security of the dividend appreciably less. It is true that no railway has been allowed to pay 10 per cent. for very long without provoking a cry for lower rates; but the Canpac is in a unique position owing to the original land grant, which its own efforts have made of enormous value. Holders of Canadian Pacifics, therefore, who bought their shares below 200, or even a few points above, may feel some confidence as to the ultimate future of their investment. The holders of Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern securities have a more speculative outlook.

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